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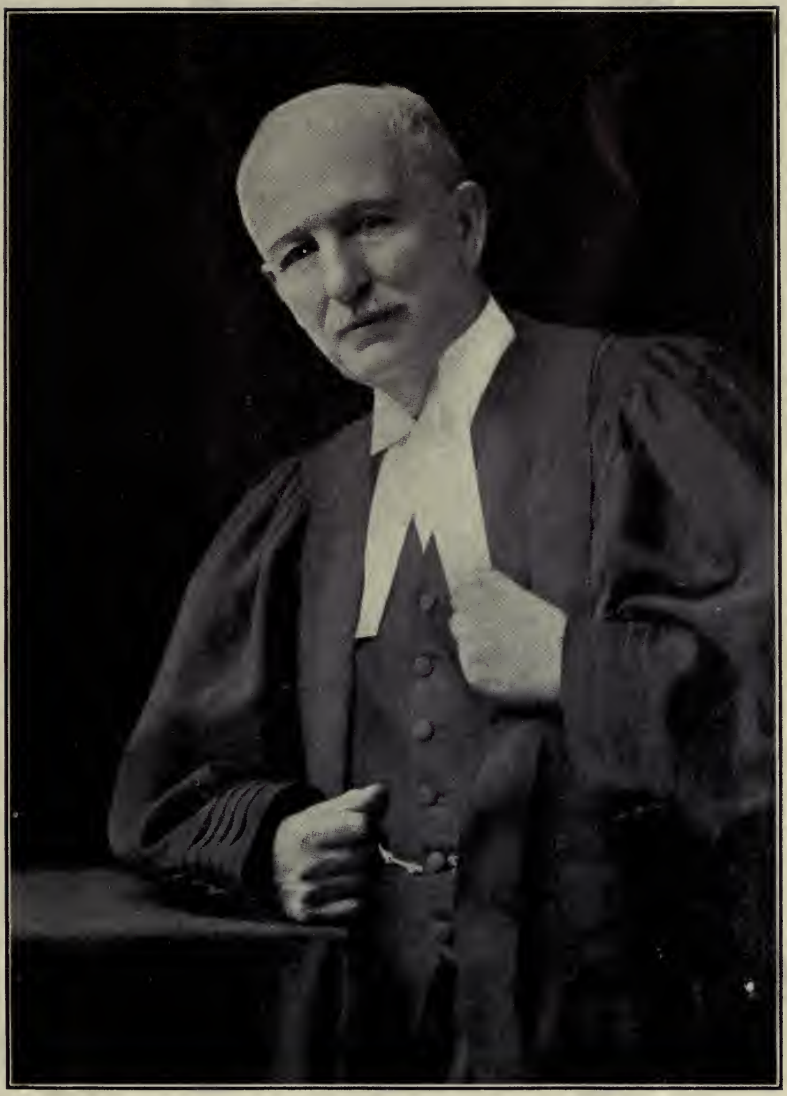

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NATIONAL SOCIETY'S

# GRADED HYMN BOOK

WITH TUNES

## PART I.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN UNDER EIGHT YEARS

## PART II.

HYMNS FOR CHILDREN BETWEEN EIGHT
AND TWELVE YEARS OF AGE

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S DEPOSITORY,
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# PREFACE.

Our thanks are due to the following for permission to use Hymns included in this collection:—Miss M. F. Pott, Rev. F. G. Ellerton, Miss K. E. L. Parsons, Mrs. Golfrey Thring, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Mrs. Maclagan, Mr. J. Boyd, Rev. A. Havergal Shaw, Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the Committee of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

For hymns composed expressly for this Hymn Book, we are under obligation to the late Miss M. M. Penstone and to Miss Emily Barnes.

Pains have been taken to discover the names of the authors of all hymns used; if, in any case, a copyright has been infringed, it is hoped that the proprietors may pardon what has been unintentional.

As regards the tunes here printed we beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Proprietors of "Hymns A. & M." for tunes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 13, 26, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 50, 52, 54, 55, 56, 58, 59, 62, 64, 65, 66, 68, 69, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 82, 83; to the Proprietors of "The English Hymnal" for tunes Nos. 7, 11, 12, 51, 57, 61, 63, 76, 81, and Supplemental Hymns No. 1; to the Proprietors of "Church Hymns" for tune No. 49; to E. Townshend Driffield, Esq., for permission to use tunes 12 (Second Tune), 53, 60, and 80 (Second Tune); and to the Rev. F. Gwynne Wesley, Miss L. Broadwood, Dr. Vaughan Williams, Dr. W. Phillips, Miss A. Bradshaw, E. M. Oakley, Esq., and Rev. W. L. Richards. We are also indebted to the Rev. J. Baden Powell for the gift of the tune to Hymn No. 4, which he kindly wrote expressly for this book.

Lastly, we have to record our indebtedness to Athelstan Riley, Esq., for kindly help and criticism.

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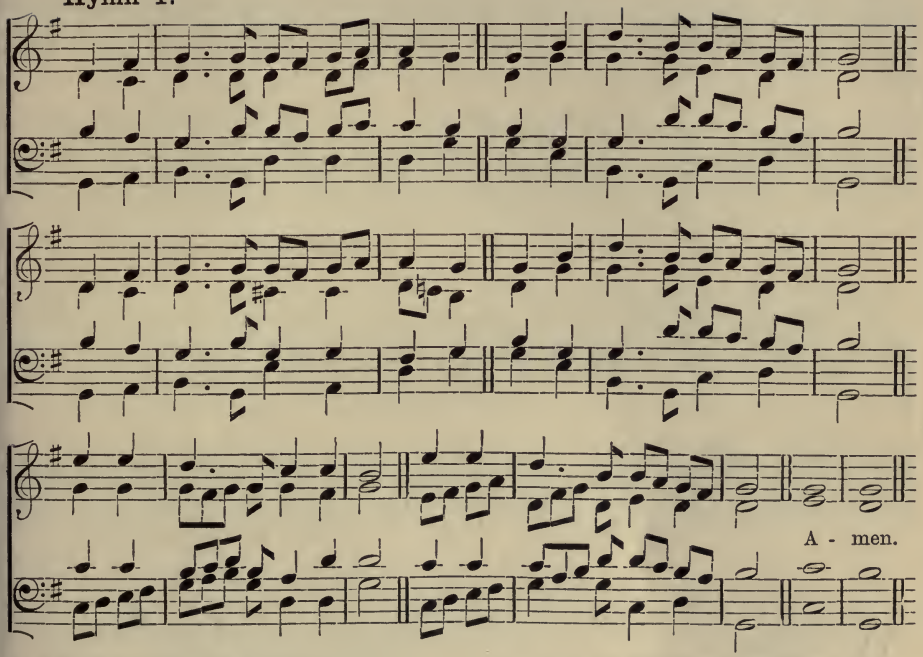
# PART 1.

## CHRISTMAS.

**Hymn 1.**




ONCE in royal David's city
  Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
  In a manger for His bed ;
Mary was that Mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

He came down to earth from Heaven
  Who is GOD and LORD of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
  And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

[And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
  He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
  In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,
  Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
  Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.] †

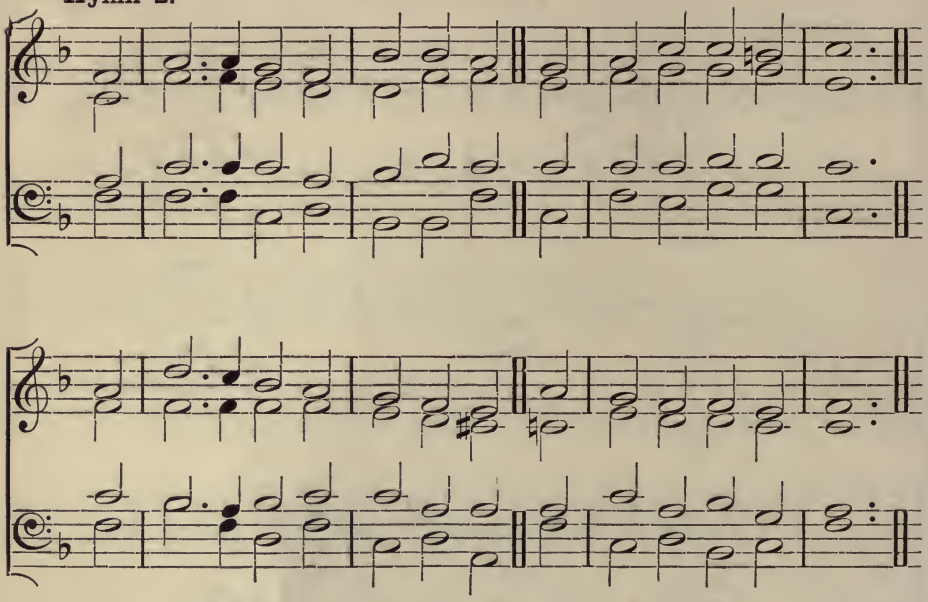
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
  Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
  Is our LORD in Heav'n above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable,
  With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in Heaven,
  Set at GOD's right hand on high ;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around.

† Middle Grades only.

# CHRISTMAS.

**Hymn 2.**



WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the LORD came down,
And glory shone around.

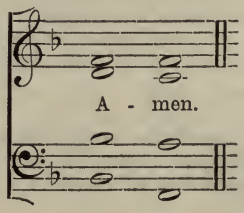
"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is CHRIST the LORD;
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

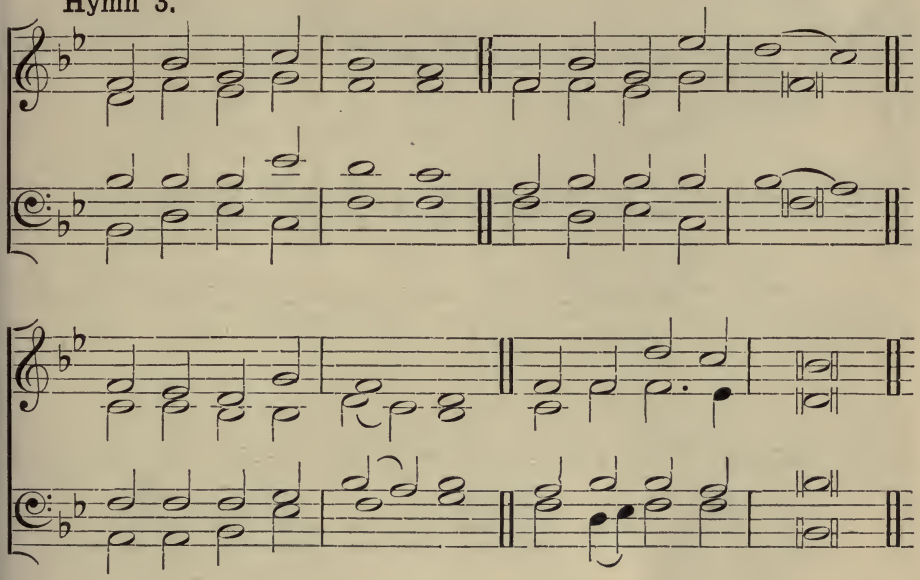
Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels praising GOD, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

"All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men
Begin and never cease."



# EPIPHANY.

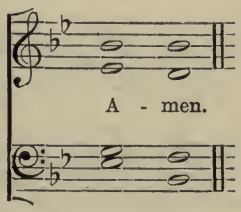
**Hymn 3.**



WISE men from the East,
Travelling from afar;
They are seeking JESUS,
Guided by a star.

Children of the West,
Helpless as we are,
We are seeking JESUS,
Guided by His star.

Simple folk and wise,
Folk from near and far,
All shall come to JESUS,
Guided by His star.



## Hymn 4.

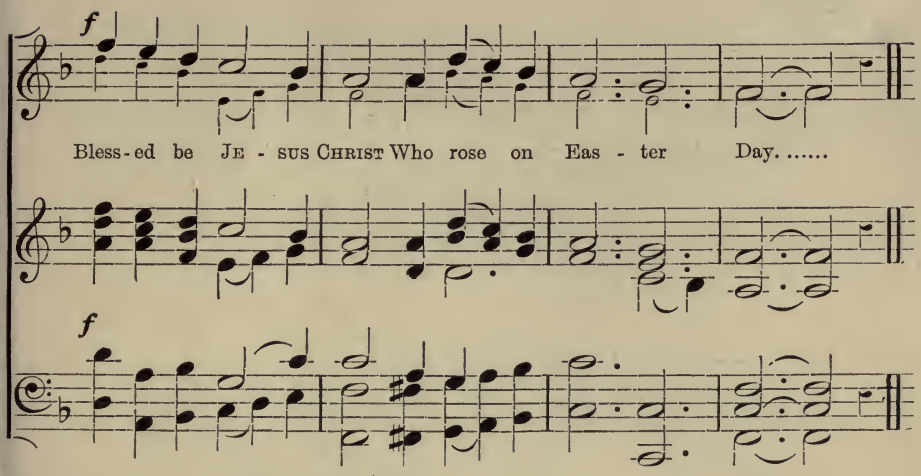
*Smoothly.*

1. Lent li - lies fair rise from the earth and say..... When
2. Bright Eas - ter comes and tall white li - lies show,..... Up -
3. Gather the li - lies, let the chil - dren sing..... Their

God makes spring re - turn, 'twill soon be Ea - ster Day. .....
- lift - ed from the dark - ness of the earth be - low. .....
praise to God on high for Eas - ter and the spring. ...

4. Let Eas - ter hymns and Eas - ter li - lies say, .....

# LENT.

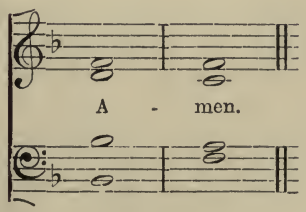



LENT lilies fair rise from the earth and say
When God makes spring return, 'twill soon be Easter Day.

Bright Easter comes and tall white lilies show,
Uplifted from the darkness of the earth below

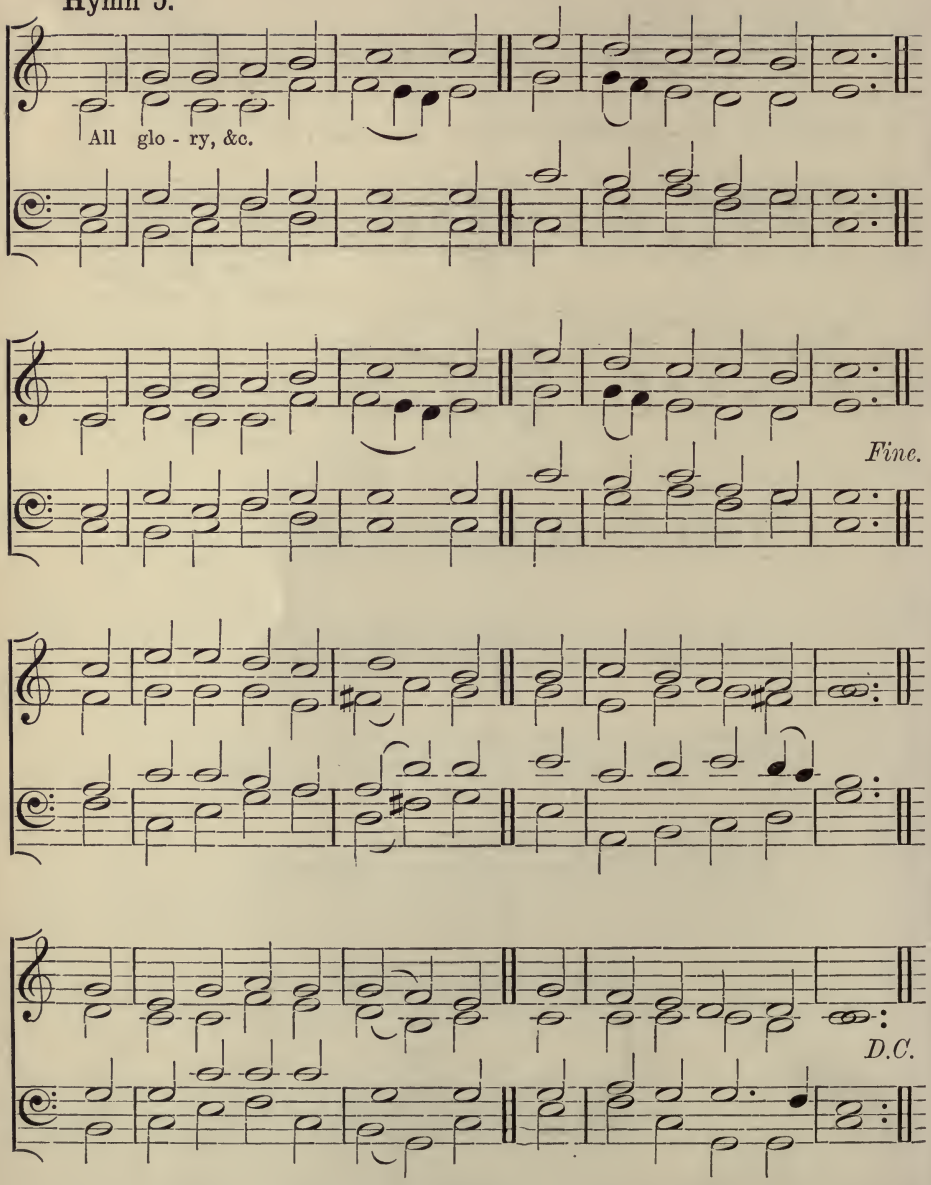
Gather the lilies, let the children sing
Their praise to God on high for Easter and the spring.

Let Easter hymns and Easter lilies say,
Blessèd be Jesus Christ Who rose on Easter Day.



# PALM SUNDAY.

**Hymn 5.**



# PALM SUNDAY.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

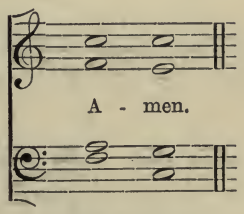
[Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the LORD's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.] †

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

[To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.] †

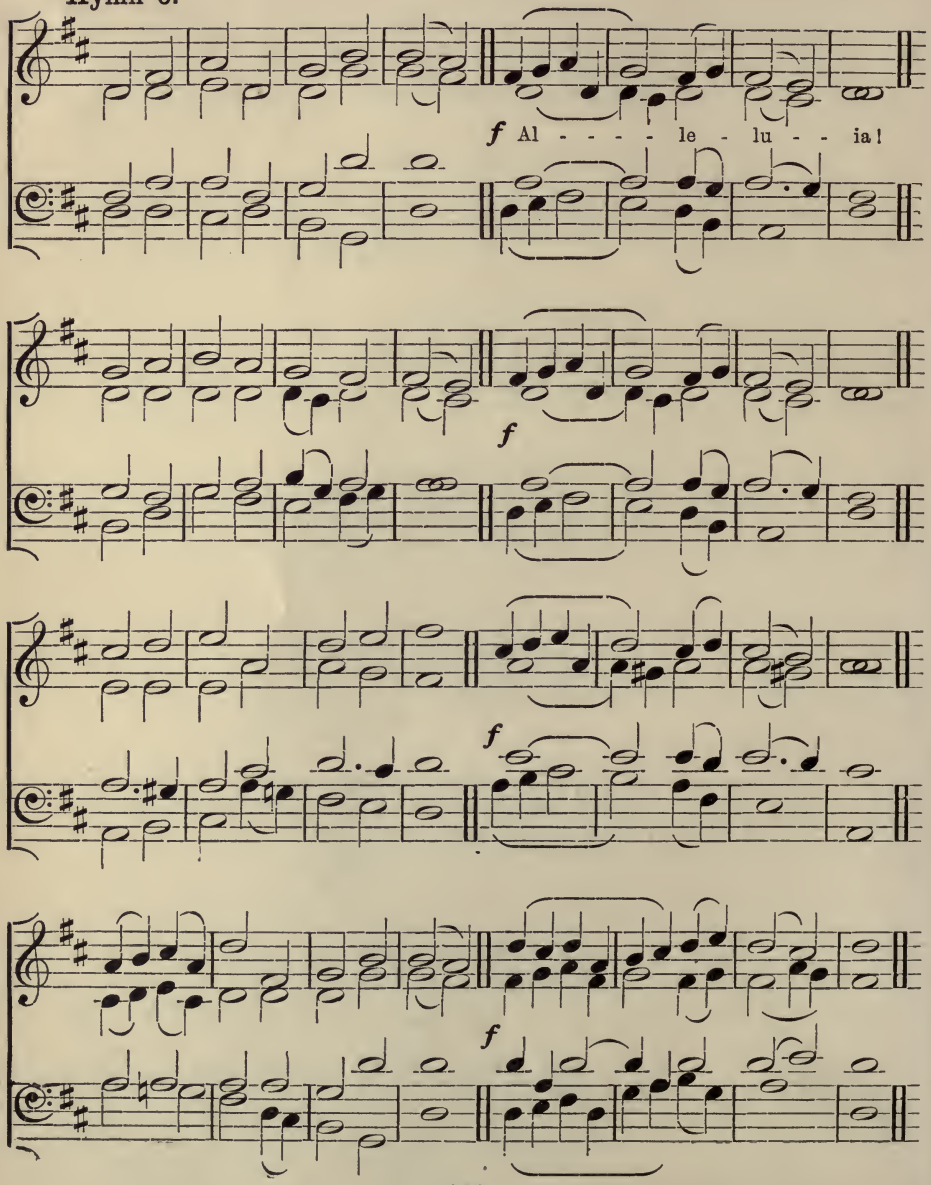
Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c.




† Middle Grades only.

# EASTER.

Hymn 6.

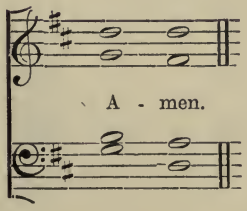


# EASTER.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day,
Alleluia!
[Who did once, upon the Cross,
Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Alleluia!
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,
Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave,
Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured
Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured;
Alleluia!]†
Now above the sky He's King,
Alleluia!
Where the Angels ever sing.
Alleluia!

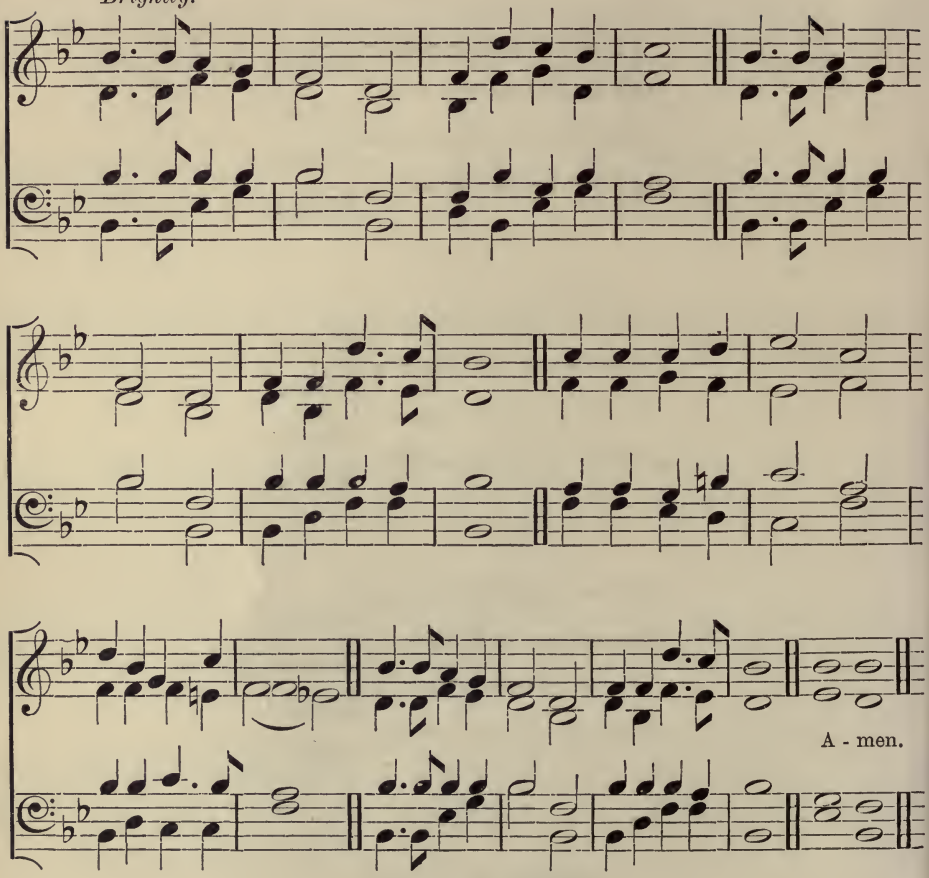



† Middle Grades only.

# ROGATION-TIDE.

**Hymn 7.**

*Brightly.*




WHEN the corn is planted,
In its deep dark bed,
Mothers know their children
Will have daily bread.

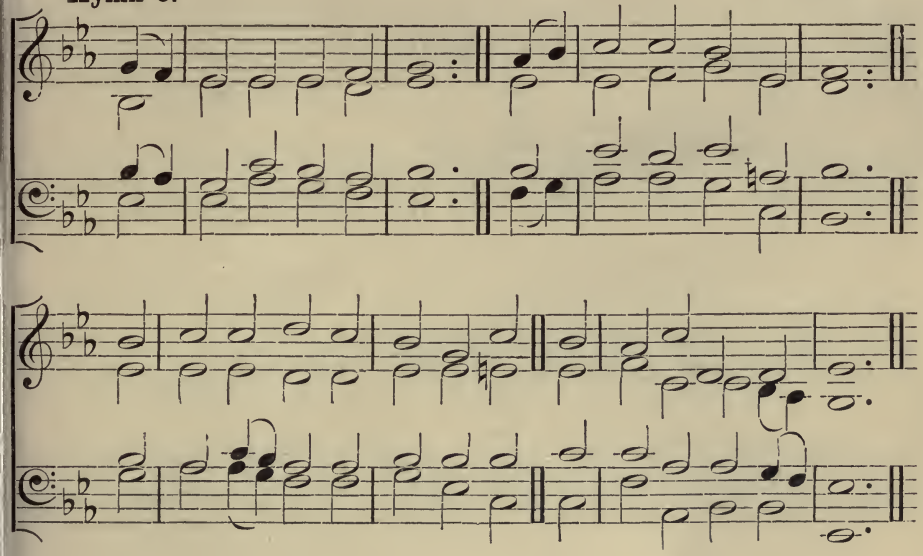
GOD sends sun and showers,
Birds sing overhead,
While the corn is growing
For our daily bread.

When the corn is gather'd,
Stored in barn and shed,
Then we all are thankful
For our daily bread.

FATHER, high in Heaven,
All by Thee are fed;
Hear Thy children praise Thee,
For our daily bread.

# FOREIGN MISSIONS.

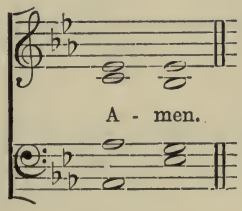
Hymn 8.



OUR Heavenly FATHER loves
The little children here;
But little ones in distant lands,
Likewise to Him are dear.

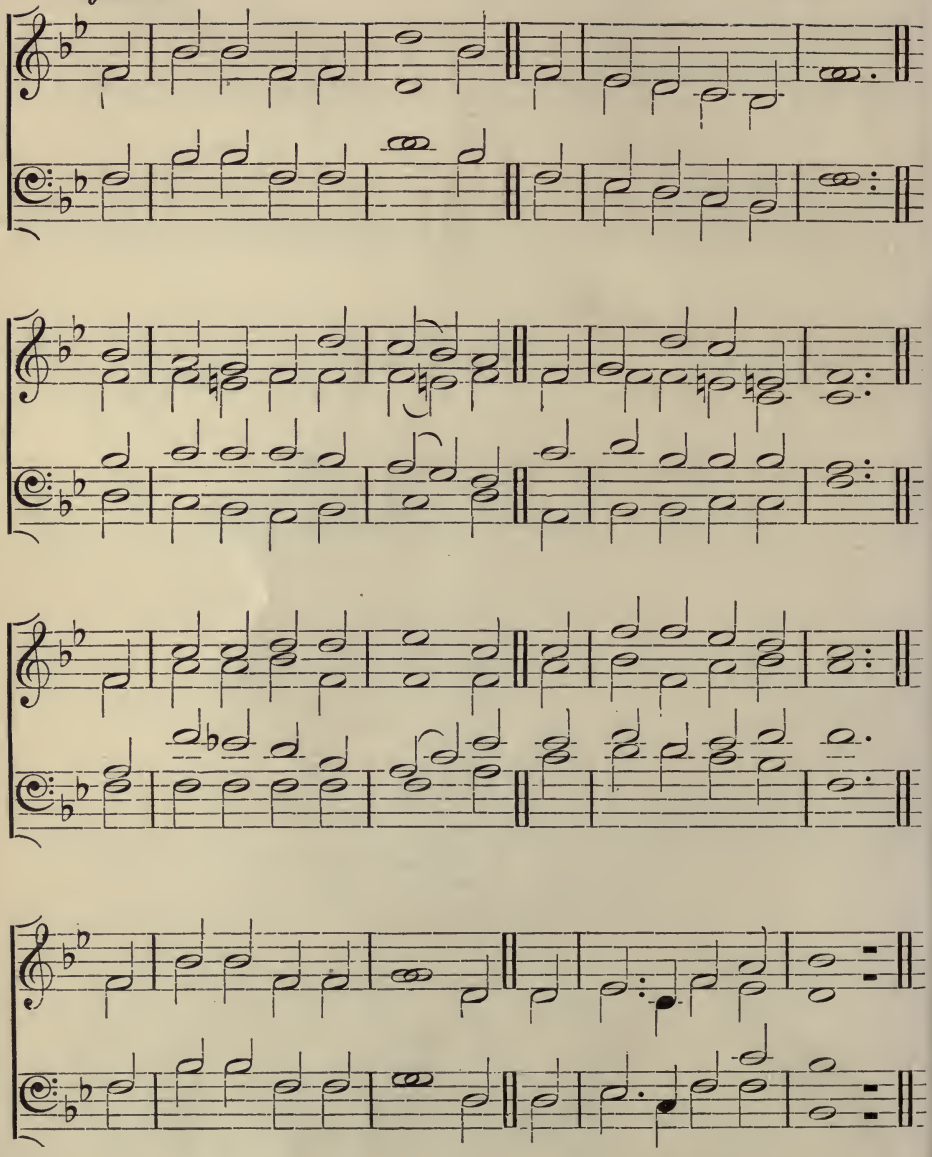
The babies black and brown,
The yellow babies too,
May lift their little hands to GOD,
As English children do.

GOD loves them evermore
And sees them sleep and play,
And little ones from every shore
Will meet in Heaven one day.

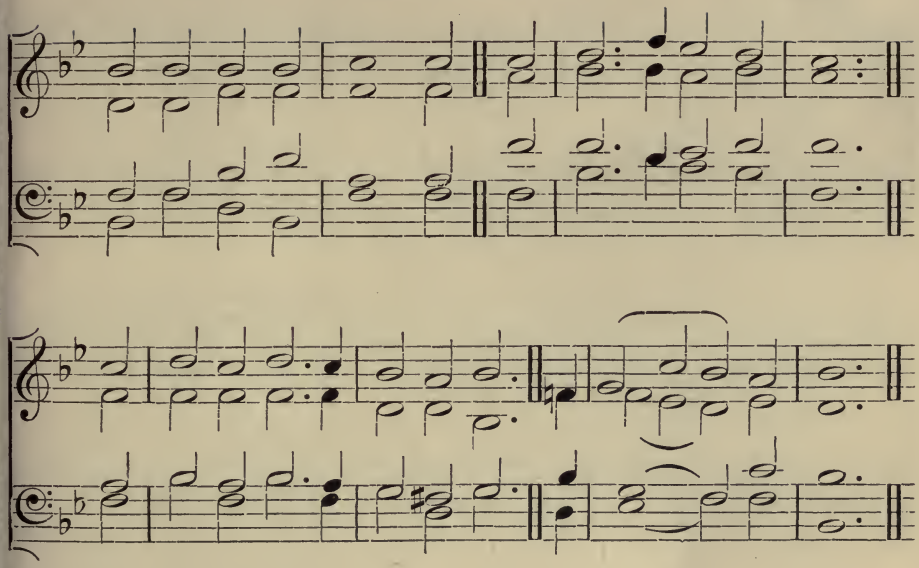


# HARVEST.

Hymn 9.



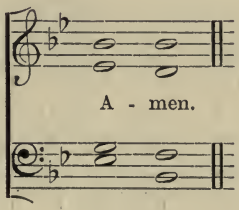
# HARVEST.



WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and water'd
By God's Almighty Hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the [Lord,
For all His love.

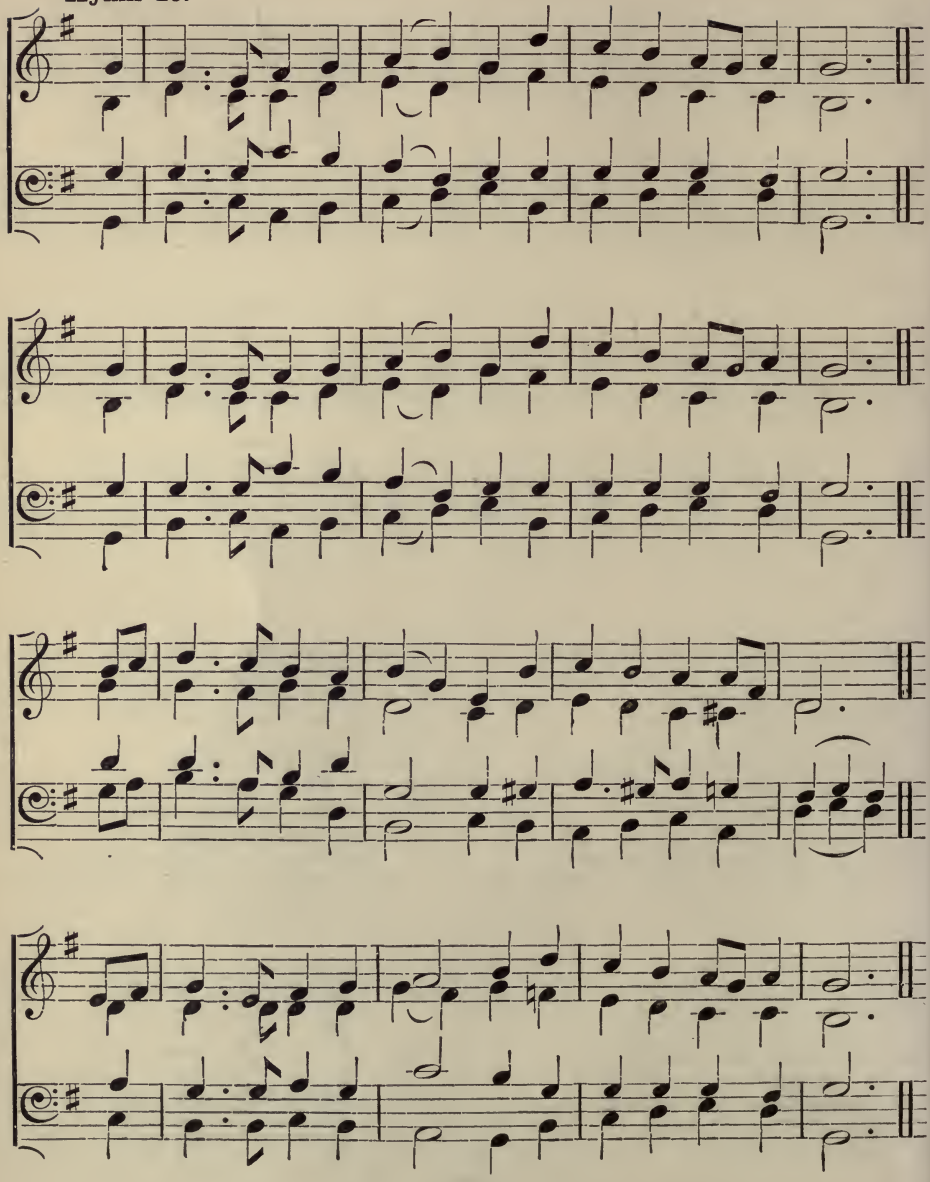
He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts, &c.

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heav'n above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the [Lord,
For all His love.

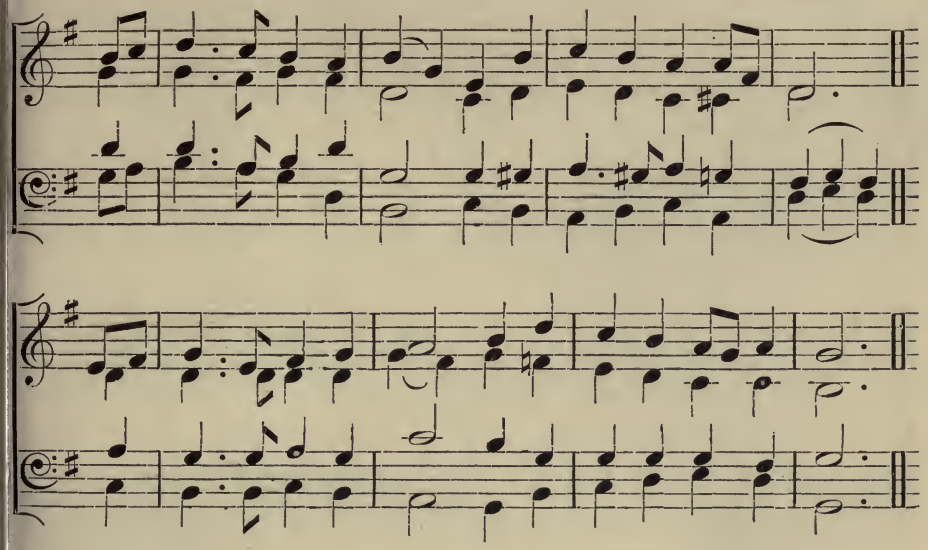


# HARVEST.

Hymn 10.

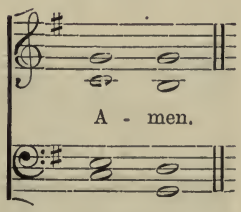


# HARVEST.



THE sower went forth sowing,
  The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
  Till out the green blade crept ;
And warm'd by golden sunshine,
  And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whiten'd
  To harvest once again.
O praise the heavenly Sower,
  Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watch'd and water'd duly,
  And ripen'd for our need.

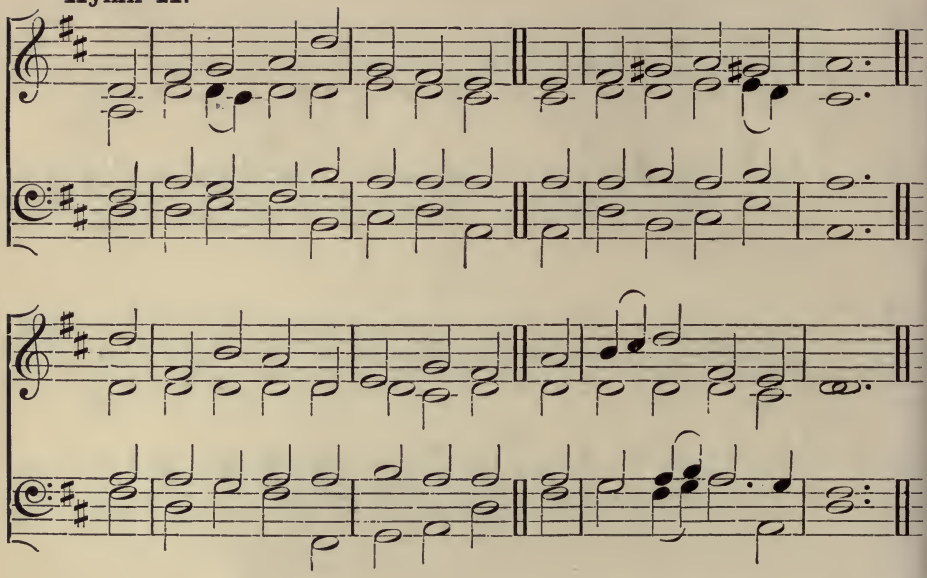
[Within a hallow'd acre
  He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
  The dead He died to gain ;
For though the growth be hidden,
  We know that they shall rise ;
Yea even now they ripen,
  In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
  O fields for ever white
With souls that wear CHRIST'S raiment,
  With crowns of golden light !] †




† Middle Grades only.

# MICHAELMAS.

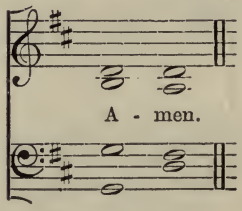
**Hymn 11.**



GOD'S Angels serve Him high in Heaven,
And on the earth below,
With joy they hear each summons given,
And travel to and fro.

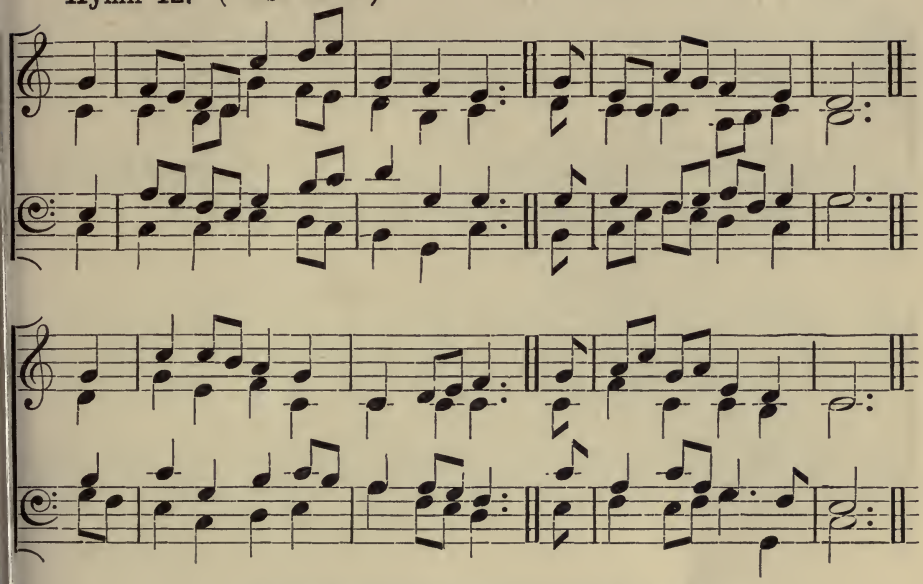
GOD gives His Angels charge to keep
Children in all their ways,
They watch about us while we sleep
And guard our busy days.

Not only Angels must obey
The word our FATHER gives,
O may His will be done each day
By everything that lives.



# ALL SAINTS.

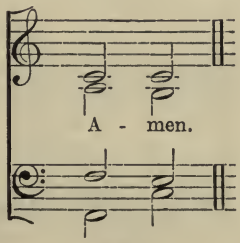
**Hymn 12.** (First Tune.)



THOUSANDS of Saints are high in Heav'n,
Their work on earth is done,
They rest within our Father's care,
He blesses every one.

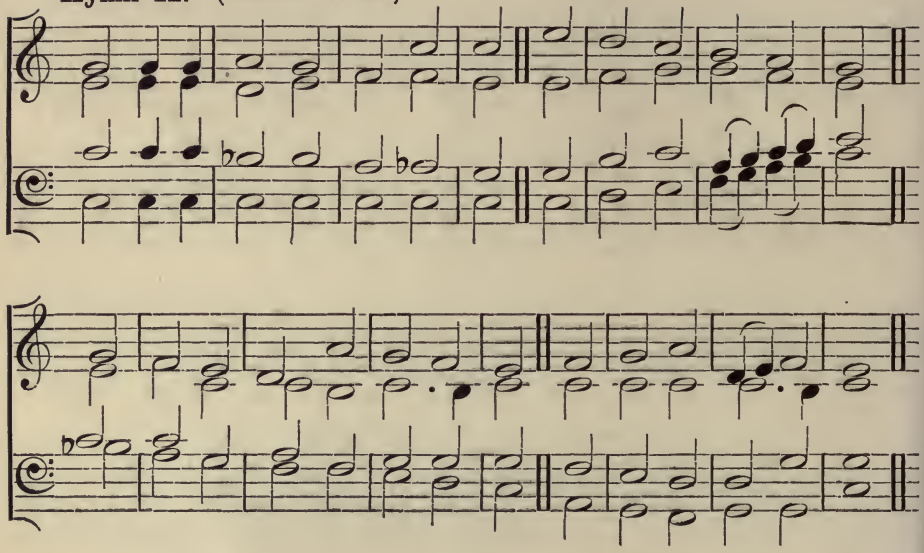
Thousands of Saints are serving God
On earth beneath the sun,
They work within our Father's care,
He blesses every one.

God help each child to do His will,
As He would have it done;
And keep us in His tender care,
And bless us every one.



# ALL SAINTS.

**Hymn 12.** (Second Tune.)



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Their work on earth is done,
They rest within our Father's care,
He blesses every one.

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On earth beneath the sun,
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And keep us in His tender care,
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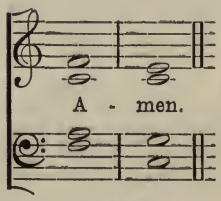


# FOR THE SICK.

**Hymn 13.** (First Tune.)

A - men.

**Hymn 13.** (Second Tune.)

A - men.

DEAR Heavenly Father, pity those
Who lie in weary pain;
O Saviour, stand beside their beds,
And make them well again.

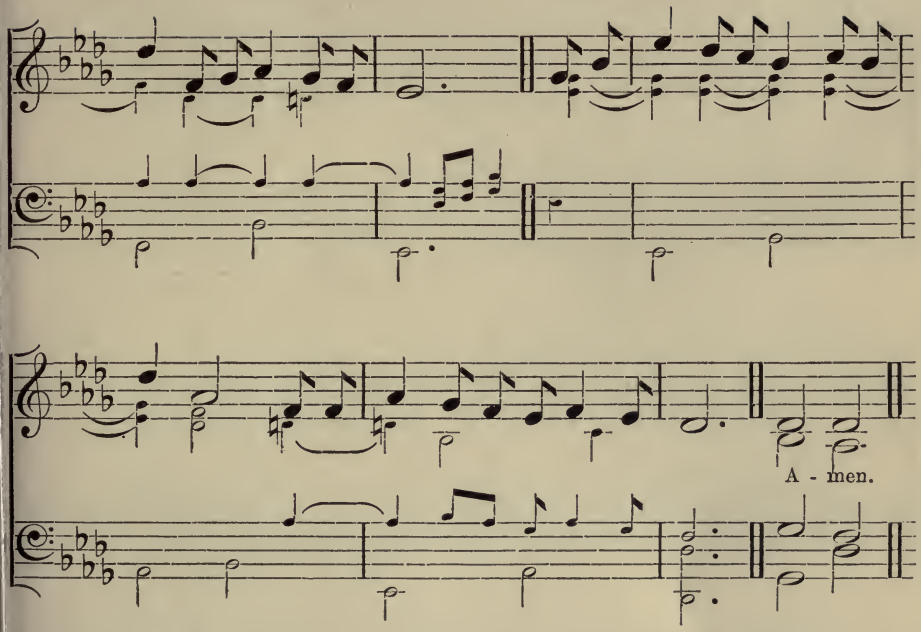
O Holy Spirit, make men wise
To cure and to prevent,
That all may serve Thee sound and strong,
As our dear Father meant.

# THE BIBLE.

Hymn 14.

*Not too fast.*

# THE BIBLE.

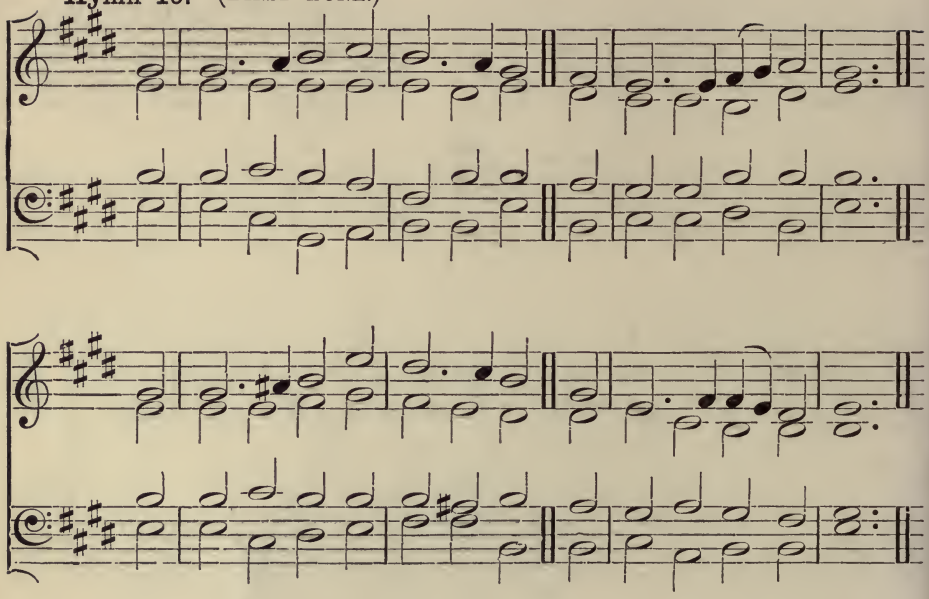



GOD has given us a book full of stories,
  Which was made for His people of old,
It begins with the tale of a Garden,
  And ends with the City of Gold.
But the best is the story of JESUS,
  Of the Babe with the ox in the stall,
Of the song that was sung by the Angels,
  The most beautiful story of all.

There are stories for parents and children,
  For the old who are ready to rest,
But for all who can read them or listen,
  The story of JESUS is best.
For it tells how He came from the FATHER,
  His far away children to call,
To bring the lost sheep to their Shepherd,
  The most beautiful story of all.

# FOR THOSE AT SEA.

**Hymn 15.** (First Tune.)

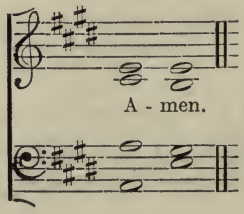


WHEN lamps are lighted in the town,
The boats sail out to sea;
The fishers watch when night comes down,
They work for you and me.

We little children go to rest,
Before we sleep, we pray
That God will bless the fishermen
And bring them back at day.

The boats come in at early dawn,
When children wake in bed,
Upon the beach the boats are drawn,
And all the nets are spread.

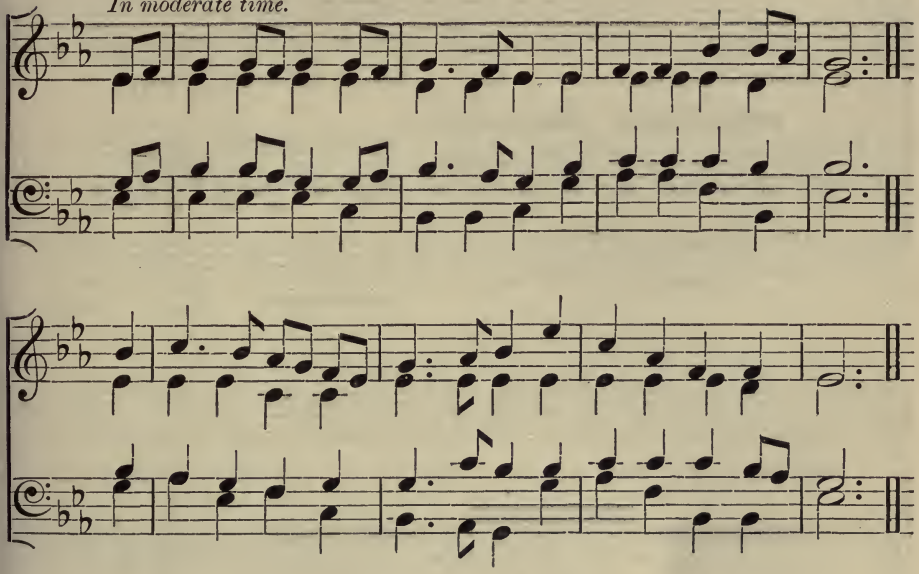
God hath watch'd o'er the fishermen
Far on the deep dark sea,
And brought them safely home again,
Where they are glad to be.



# FOR THOSE AT SEA.

**Hymn 15.** (Second Tune.)

*In moderate time.*



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The boats sail out to sea;
The fishers watch when night comes down,
They work for you and me.

We little children go to rest,
Before we sleep, we pray
That God will bless the fishermen
And bring them back at day.

The boats come in at early dawn,
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Upon the beach the boats are drawn,
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God hath watch'd o'er the fishermen
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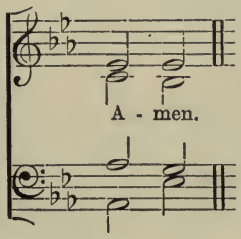
And brought them safely home again,
Where they are glad to be.



# DEDICATION FESTIVAL.

## Hymn 16.

1. Come to church, good peo - ple, Come to praise and pray,

High bells in the stee - ple Call to us to - day. Ding! Dong!

COME to church, good people,
Come to praise and pray,
High bells in the steeple
Call to us to-day.
Ding! Dong!

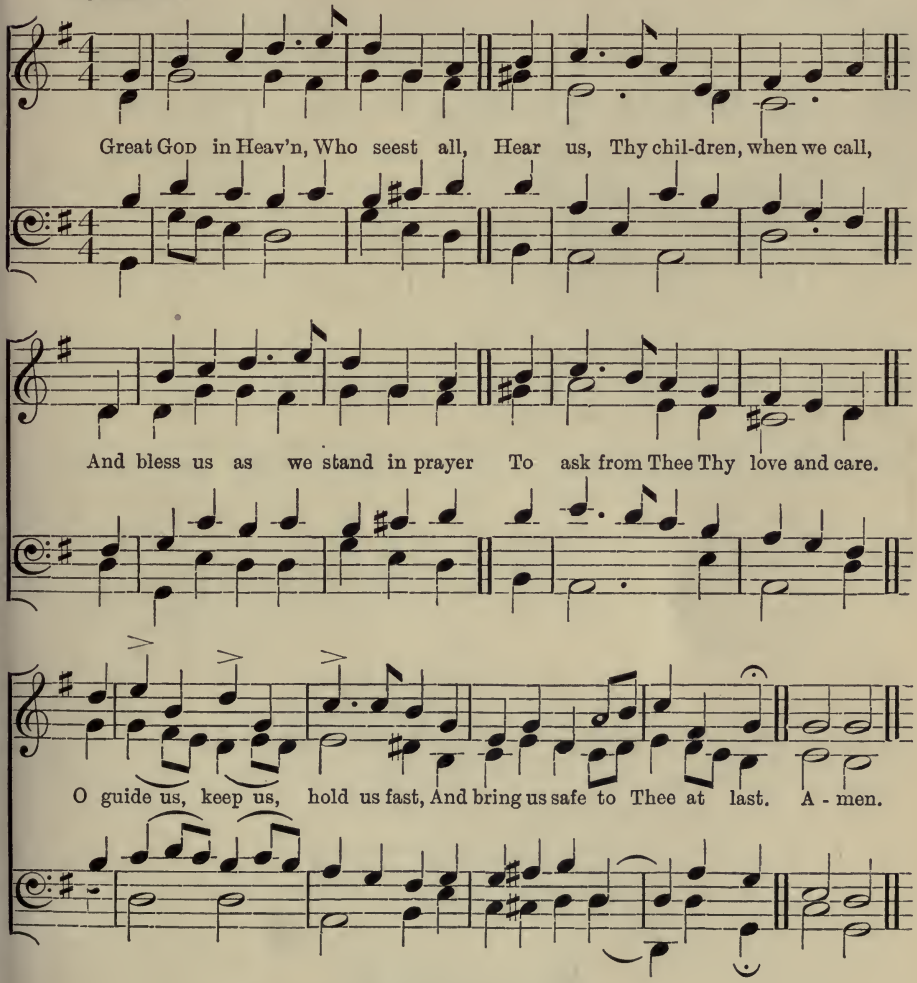
Our dear church was builded
Long ago with prayer,
So that all the neighbours
Might be welcome there.
Ding! Dong!

On this happy birthday,
When our church was given,
Let us praise the FATHER,
Dwelling high in Heaven.
Ding! Dong!

A - men.

# OPENING HYMN.

**Hymn 17.**




GREAT God in Heaven, Who seest all,
Hear us, Thy children, when we call,
And bless us as we {kneel / stand / bow} in prayer
To ask from Thee Thy love and care.
O guide us, keep us, hold us fast,
And bring us safe to Thee at last.

# BAPTISM ROLL.

**Hymn 18.**

*Slowly:*

A lit - tle child, dear LORD, We bring to Thee to - day,

Bless him and make him Thine, We hum - bly pray.

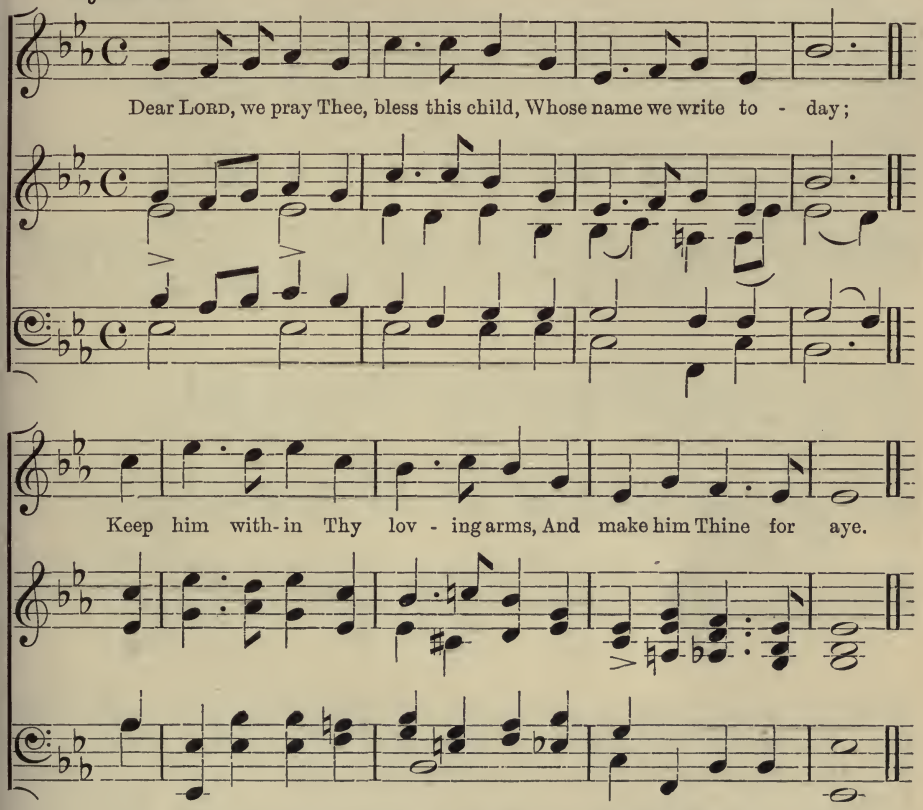
A LITTLE child, dear LORD,
We bring to Thee to-day,
Bless { him / her } and make { him / her } Thine,
We humbly pray.

Give { him / her } a loving heart,
Help { him / her } like Thee to be,
Teach { him / her } to do the thing
That pleaseth Thee.

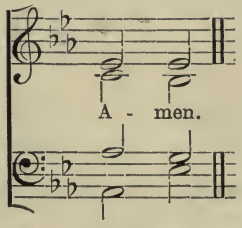
A - men.

# BAPTISM ROLL.

Hymn 19.




DEAR LORD, we pray Thee, bless this child,
Whose name we write to-day;
Keep him within Thy loving arms,
And make him Thine for aye.



# BIRTHDAYS.

**Hymn 20.**

*Brightly.*

1. We will join in sing - ing Greet-ings glad and gay

To our lit - tle play - mate On this hap - py day.

Birth - day wishes from us all, Birthday wishes from us all. A - men.

WE will join in singing
Greetings glad and gay
To our little playmate
On this happy day.
Birthday wishes from us all,
Birthday wishes from us all.

May our loving FATHER
Keep you in His care,
Guide and guard you safely,
Always, everywhere.
Birthday wishes from us all,
Birthday wishes from us all.

# BIRTHDAYS.

**Hymn 21.**

*Slowly.*

For you, dear lit - tle child, we pray, That

God will bless you this glad day, And look up - on you from a - bove,

And guide and keep you in His Love. A - men.

FOR you, dear little child, we pray,
That God will bless you this glad day,
And look upon you from above,
And guide and keep you in His Love.

# COLLECTION HYMN.

**Hymn 22.**

We pray Thee, Fa-ther, to ac-cept The lit-tle gifts we make;

O wilt Thou take them with our love For Je-su's sake.

WE pray Thee, Father, to accept
The little gifts we make;
O wilt Thou take them with our love
For Jesu's sake.

Though we are only children small,
We each can do our part,
And give to Thee, Who lovest us,
A grateful heart.

A - men.

# COLLECTION HYMN.

**Hymn 23.**

1. To God's great Tem-ple once there came A wi-dow lone and poor;

*mf*

She brought to God her lit - tle gift, A mite, 'twas all her store.

It made the Sa-viour ve - ry glad For was it not the best she had? A-men.

To God's great Temple once there came
A widow lone and poor;
She brought to God her little gift,
A mite, 'twas all her store.
It made the Saviour very glad
For was it not the best she had?

And now to {Sunday School / Holy Church} to-day,
Our tiny store we bring,
And lay it at Thy feet, dear Lord,
A willing offering.
We pray Thee, make it in Thy sight
As pleasing as the widow's mite.

**Hymn 24.**

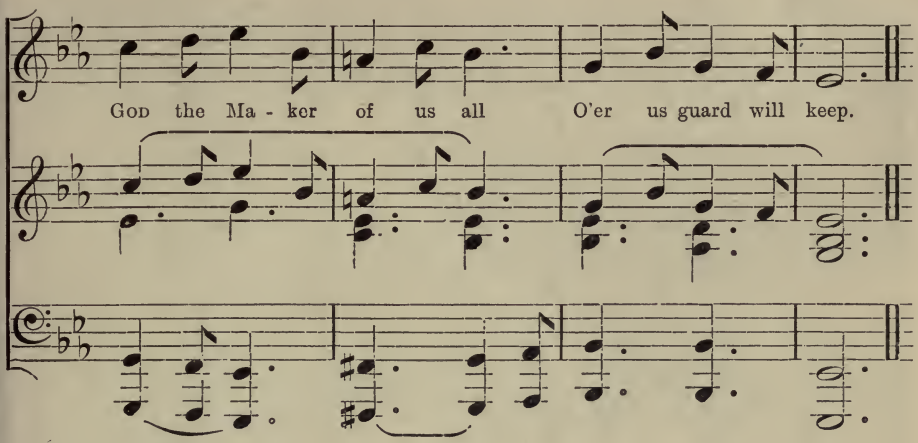
*To be sung softly and smoothly.*

See the twi-light com-eth on, Dai-sies close their eyes,

And the sun will soon be gone From the west-ern skies;

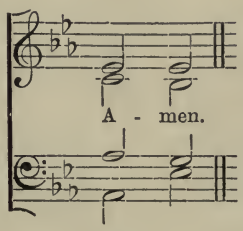
Dark-ness steals a-cross the earth, Bring-ing time for sleep;

# CLOSING HYMNS.




SEE the twilight cometh on,
  Daisies close their eyes,
And the sun will soon be gone
  From the western skies ;
Darkness steals across the earth,
  Bringing time for sleep ;
God the Maker of us all
  O'er us guard will keep.

Soon the busy folk will cease
  From their work and play,
Silent grow the busy streets
  Till the dawn of day.
Pray we Him Who gives us strength
  All our tasks to do,
Send us calm and restful sleep
  All the long night through.



# CLOSING HYMN.

**Hymn 25.**

1. Our work is o'er, our school is done, And ev'-ning draw-eth nigh, ..... So,

chil-dren dear, your voi-ces raise And sing a sweet Good-bye. ..... Good-

-bye. ..... Good-bye. ..... Good-bye. ..... Good-bye. ..... A-men.

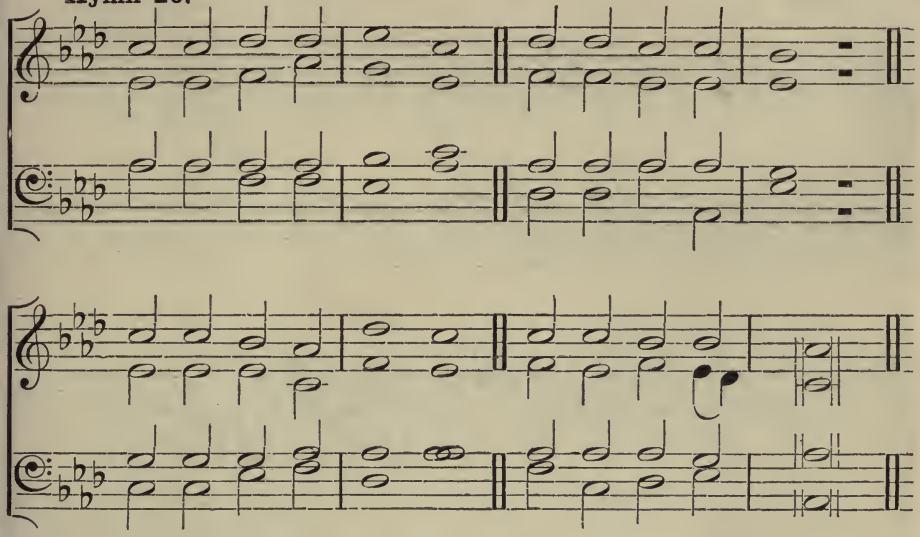
Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱

OUR work is o'er, our school is done,
And evening draweth nigh,
So, children dear, your voices raise
And sing a sweet
Good-bye. Good-bye.

Thank the dear LORD for all His gifts,
For home, for school, for play,
And ask His blessing on the work
We did for Him to-day.
Good-bye. Good-bye.

# CLOSING HYMN.

**Hymn 26.**



NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

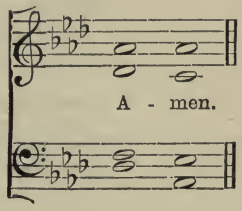
JESU, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

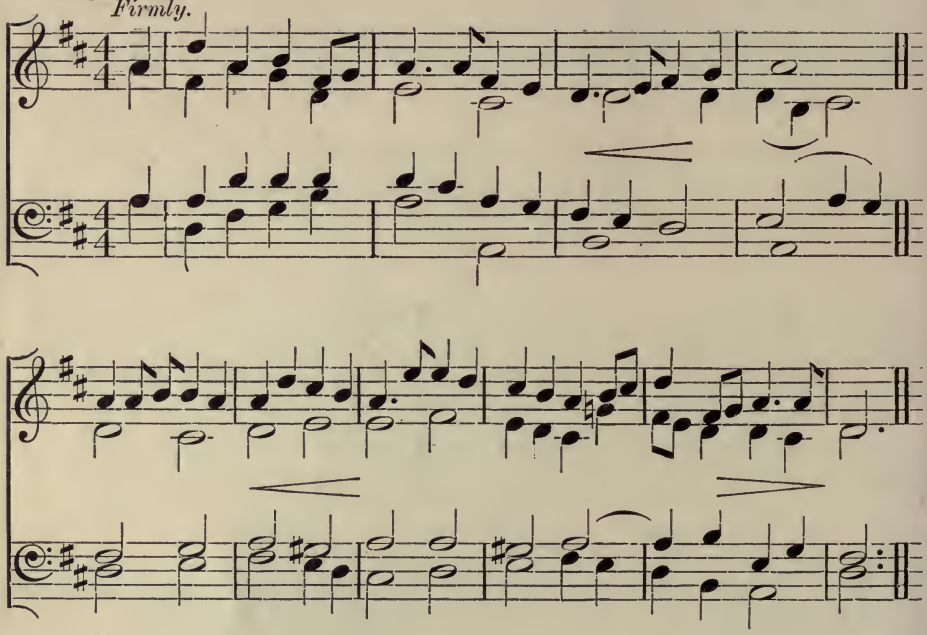
Glory to the FATHER,
Glory to the SON,
And to Thee, Blest SPIRIT,
Whilst all ages run.



# IN CHURCH.

**Hymn 27.**

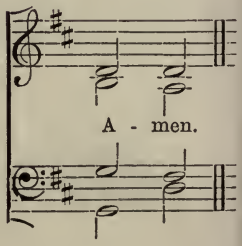
*Firmly.*



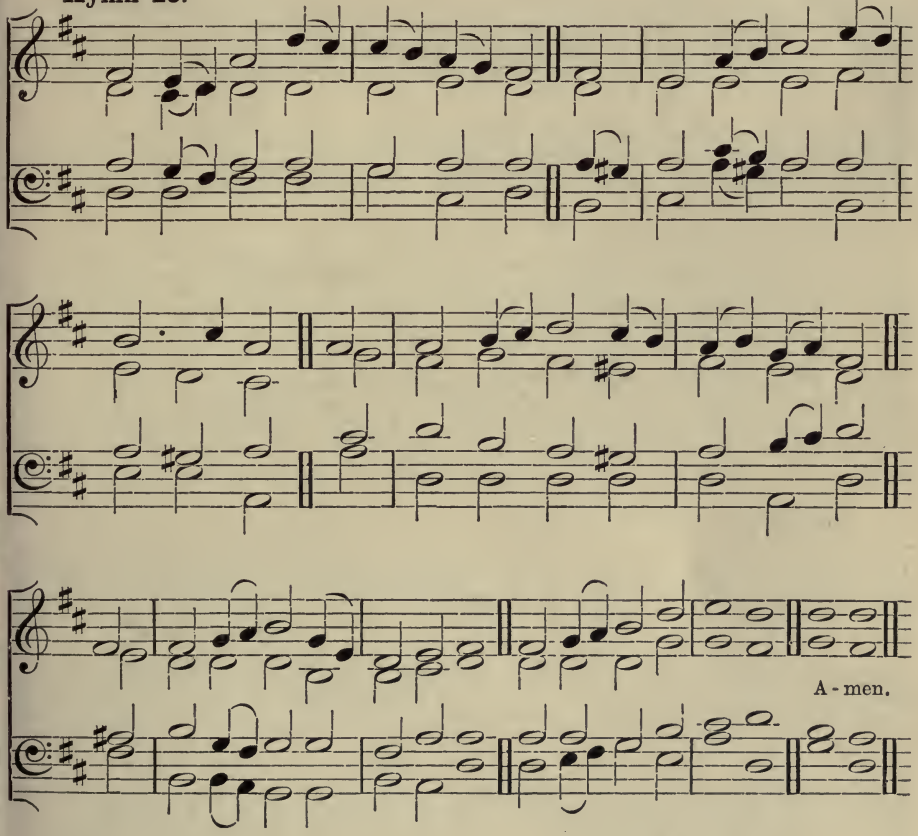
DEAR LORD, here in Thy House of Prayer,
We come to worship Thee,
Help us to feel that Thou art near,
Our little words of love to hear,
As we sing joyfully.

Dear LORD, here in Thy House of Prayer,
We kneel to pray to Thee,
Direct our thoughts to Thee, our King,
As we our prayers and praises bring,
In happy unity.

Dear SAVIOUR, in Thy House of Prayer,
If we remember Thee,
We shall in thought and deed and word
Give Thee our very best, dear LORD,
And worship worthily.



Hymn 28.




PRAISE to God for things we see,
The growing flower, the waving tree,
Our mother's face, the bright blue sky,
Where birds and clouds go floating by,
Praise to God for seeing.

Praise to God for things we hear,
The voices of our playmates dear,
The merry bells, the song of birds,
Stories and tunes and kindly words,
Praise to God for hearing.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

**Hymn 29.** (First Tune.)

A - men.

**Hymn 29.** (Second Tune.)

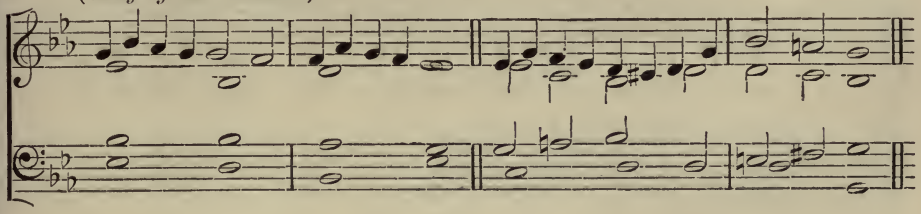
A - men.

FOR all the strength we have,
To run and leap and play,
For all our limbs so sound and strong,
We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.

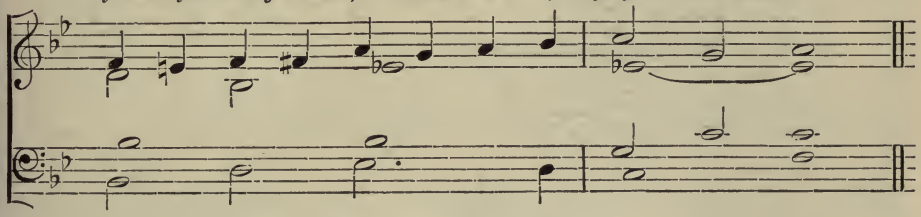
Make all Thy children, Lord,
Healthy and strong like me,
To run and leap and shout and play,
And praise Thee in our glee.

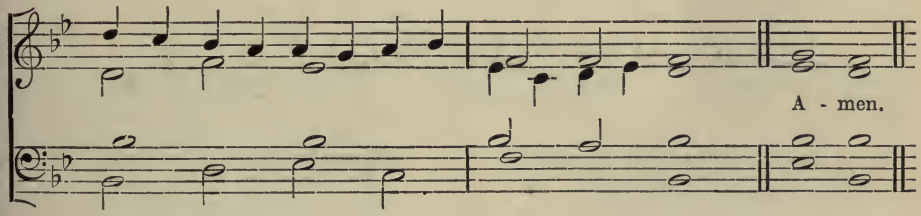
**Hymn 30.**

*(Sung by the Teachers.)*



*Refrain after every 4 lines,* "LORD, to all." *(Sung by the Children.)*






GOD bless all the workers
Labouring for men's good,
Who in fields and cities
Seek our daily food.
LORD, to all the workers
May Thy grace be given,
While on earth they labour
Lift their hearts to Heaven.

Those in mines and workshops,
Those who sail the sea,
LORD, in all their labours
May they think on Thee.
LORD, to all, &c.

JESUS was a worker,
Toiled by Joseph's side,
Brother to all workers,
Dwelling far and wide.
LORD, to all, &c.

JESUS! to the workers
Strength and comfort bring,
Thou dost know their labours,
Be the workers' King!
LORD, to all the workers
May Thy grace be given,
While on earth they labour
Lift their hearts to Heaven.

## Hymn 31.

*Verse* 1, *and the Refrain after Verses* 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea-tures great and small, All things wise and won - der-ful, The LORD GOD made them all.

*Fine.* *Verses* 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

*D.C.*

A-men.

*Org.*

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The LORD GOD made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
GOD made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky;—

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;—

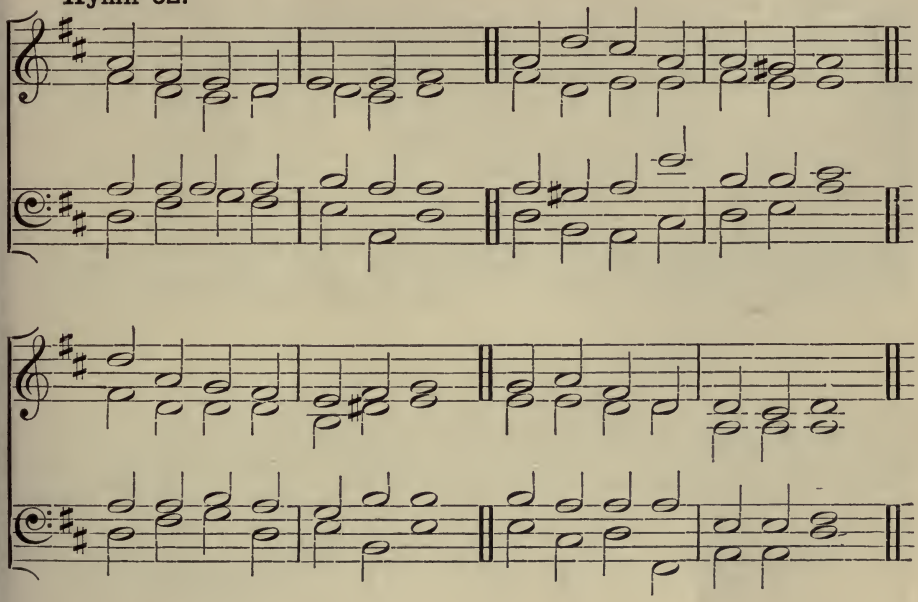
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is GOD Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

### SUPPLEMENTAL VERSES.

The great sea with its waters
That roll upon the shore,
GOD made it and it soundeth
His praises evermore.

And all the strange sea creatures
That swim or fly or creep,
GOD made them and He gave them
Their home within the deep.

**Hymn 32.**

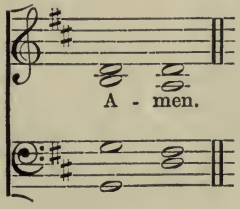


LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep:
Nothing can Thy power withstand,
None can pluck me from Thy Hand.

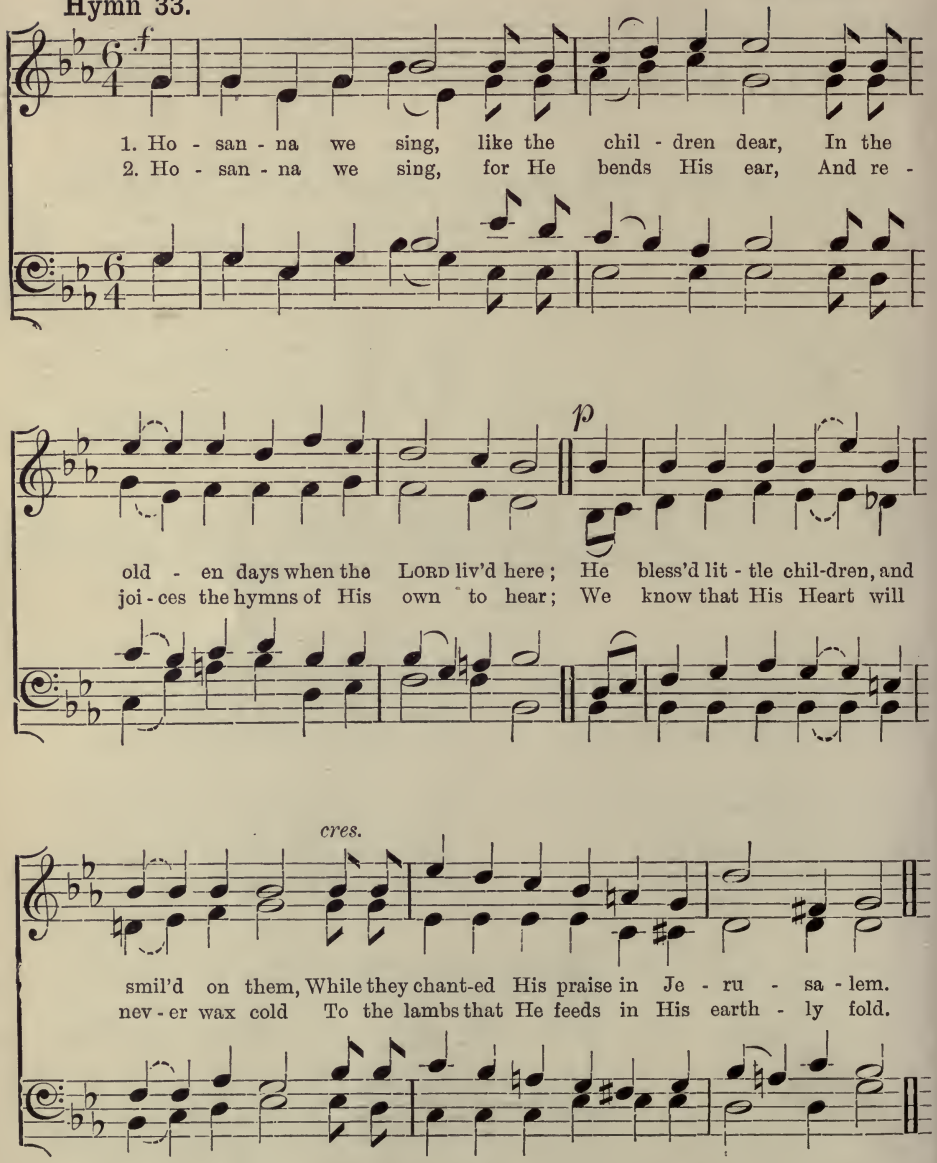
I would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy Will obey,
Like Thy blessèd ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

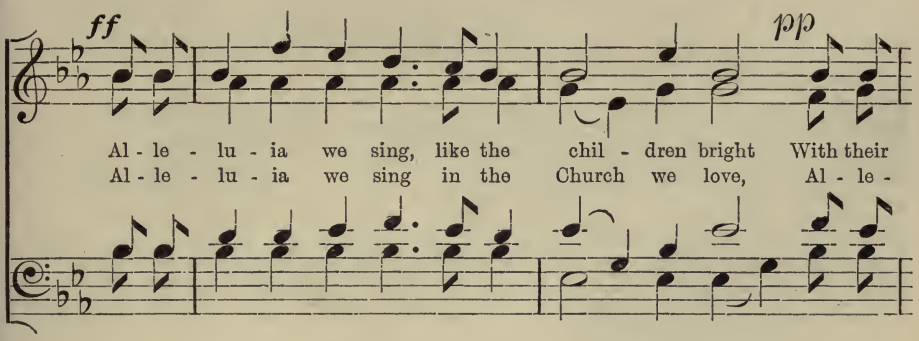
Where Thou leadest I would go
Walking in Thy steps below
Till before my FATHER'S Throne
I shall know as I am known.

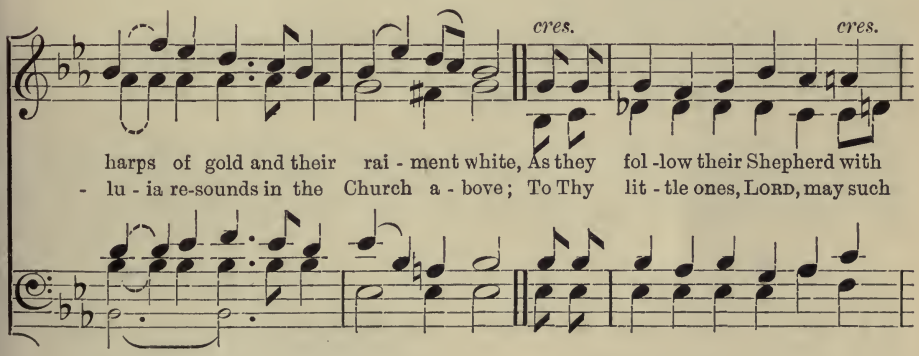


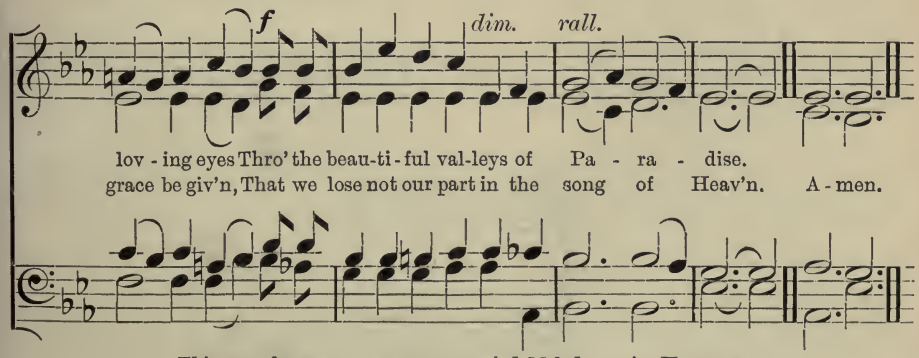
Hymn 33.


f
1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re -
p
old - en days when the LORD liv'd here; He bless'd lit - tle chil-dren, and
joi - ces the hymns of His own to hear; We know that His Heart will
cres.
smil'd on them, While they chant-ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
nev - er wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

# MISCELLANEOUS.



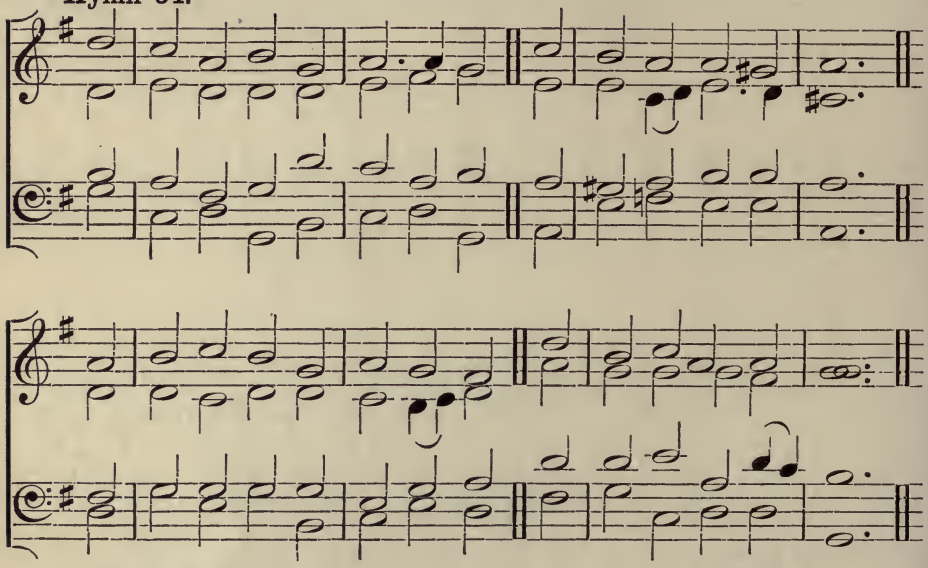




*This may be sung as an accompanied Melody, or in Harmony.*

# PART 2.

## ADVENT.

**Hymn 34.**

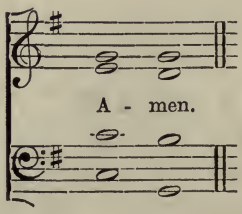


HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

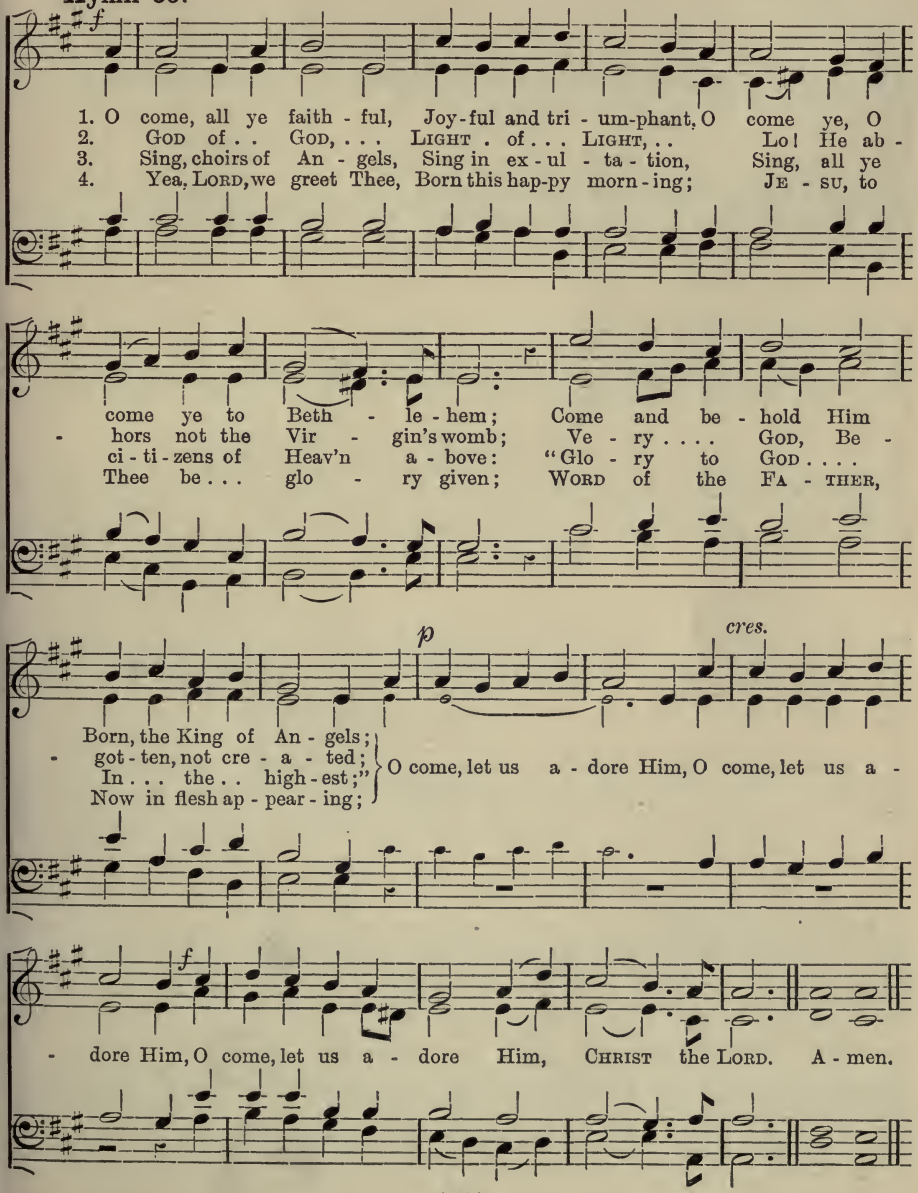
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring
With Thy belovèd Name.



# CHRISTMAS.

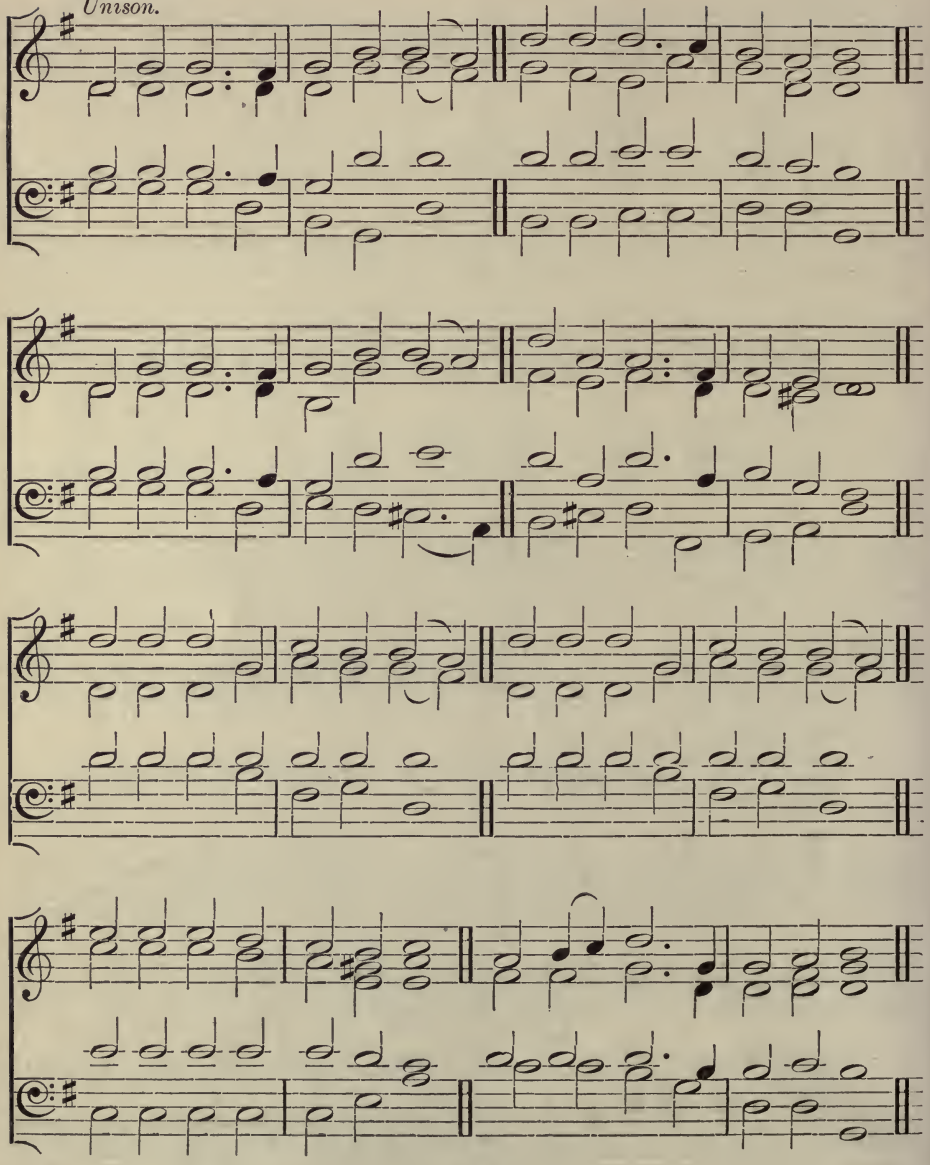
Hymn 35.



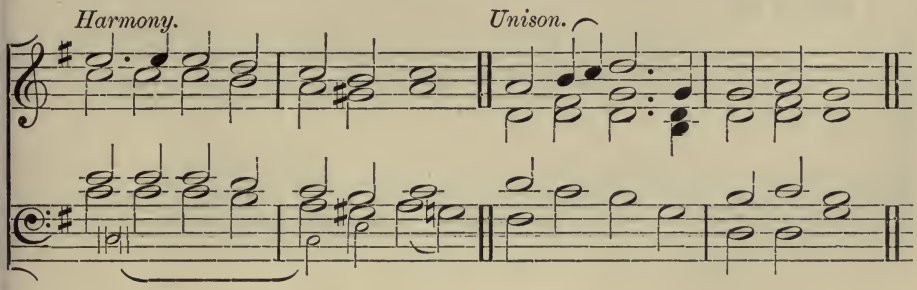
# CHRISTMAS.

**Hymn 36.**

*Unison.*



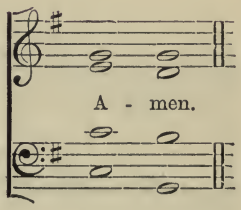
# CHRISTMAS.




HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' Angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest Heav'n adored,
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

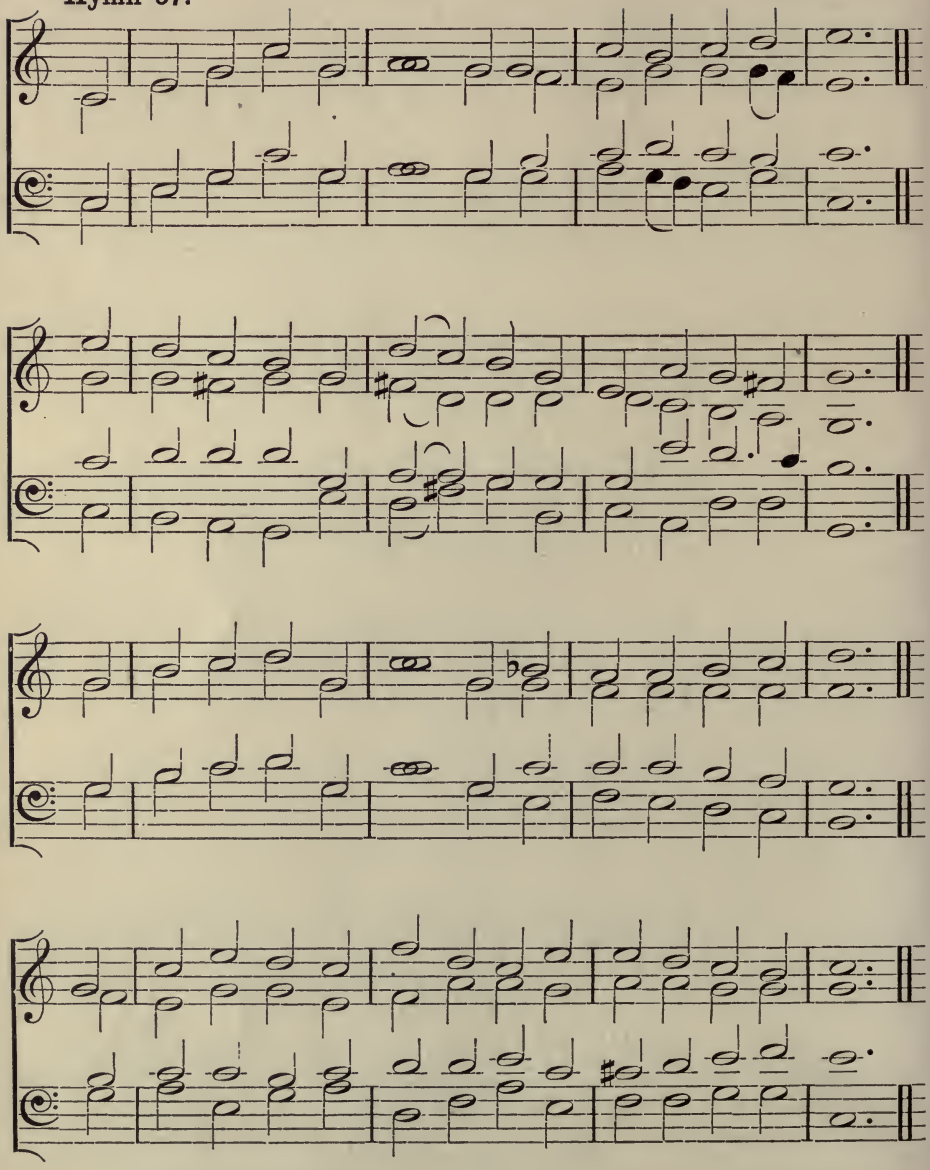
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.




[*See also Hymns* 1 *and* 2.]

# NEW YEAR.

Hymn 37.



# NEW YEAR.

FROM glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway, we bravely march along!
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

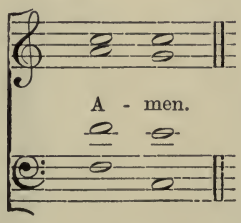
From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our LORD hath laid His own so freely down!

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright'ning day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Uniting all who love our LORD in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of GOD that mighty Love to know.

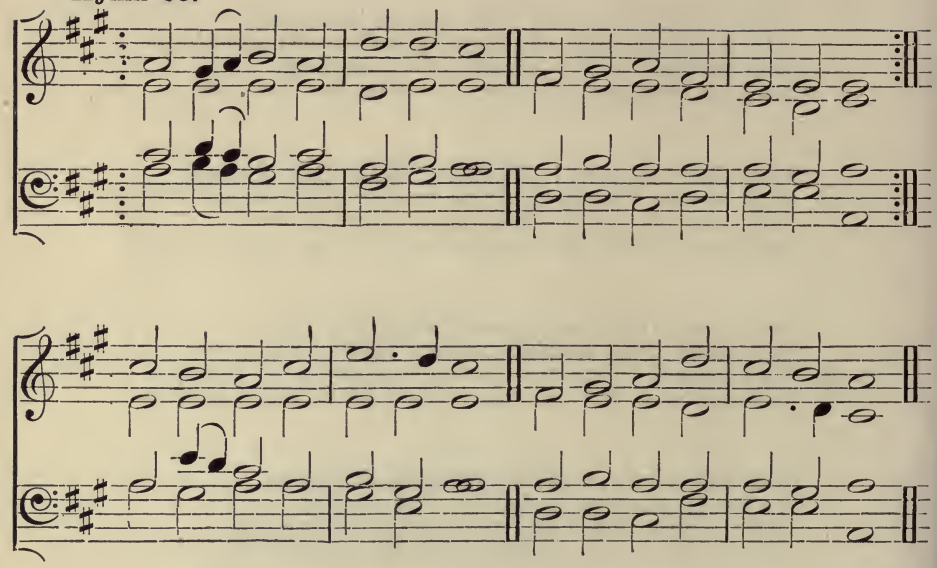
O let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of GOD, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.



# EPIPHANY.

Hymn 38.



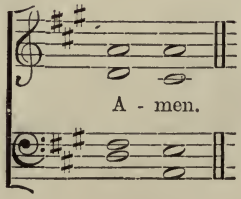
AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious LORD, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom Heav'n and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare
At Thy cradle rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST, to Thee our heav'nly King.

Holy JESUS, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransom'd souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the Heav'nly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.



# EPIPHANY.

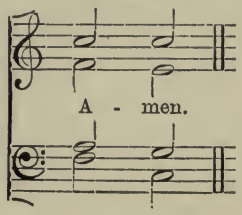
**Hymn 39.**

*Brightly.*

GIFTS most rare for the King of kings,
Laid at His sacred feet;
What will ye bring Him this Festal Tide
When ye the dear LORD greet?
All the *love* that our hearts can hold,
Sweeter by far to Him than *gold*.

Gifts most rare for the King of kings,
See ye the wise men bring;
What will ye choose for your rarest gift
When ye make offering?
*Prayers* that we pray with all our might
They are as *incense* in His sight.

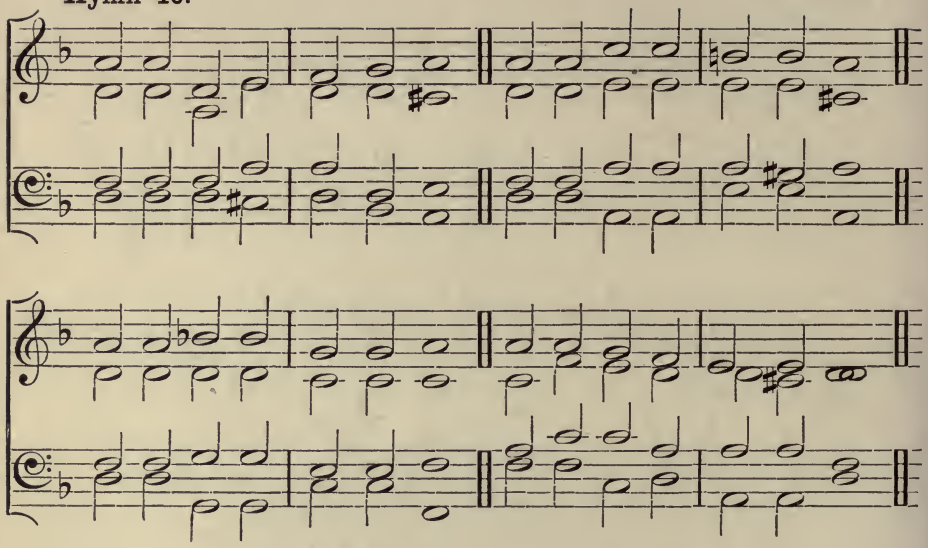
Gifts most rare for our Saviour dear,
CHRIST Who bore all for men;
What can ye give Him to show your thanks
For all His suffering then?
If we bear *pain* with patient will
*Myrrh* will be offer'd to Him still.




[*See also Hymn* 3.]

# LENT.

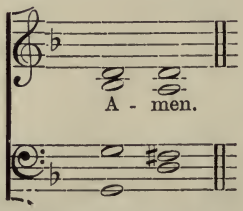
Hymn 40.



FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

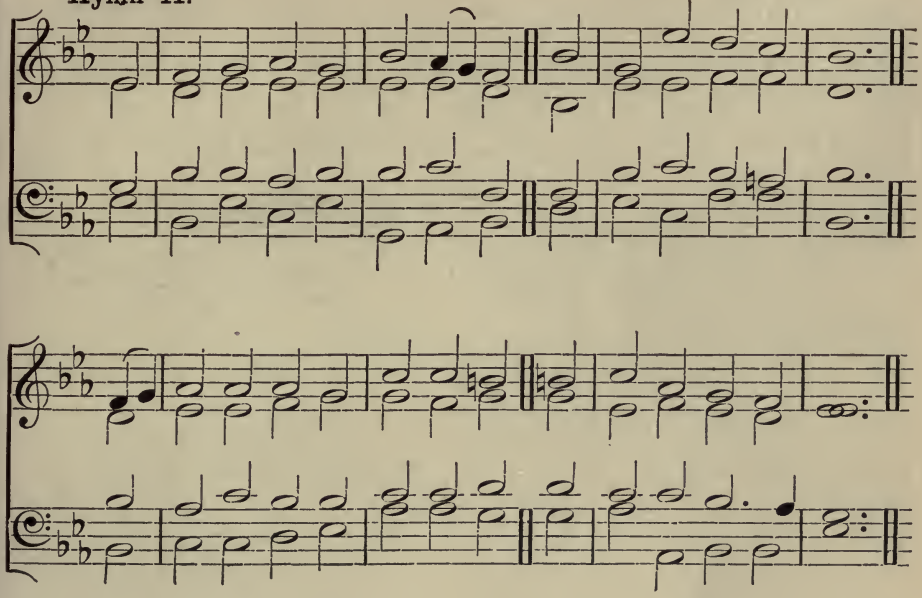
Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide.




[*See also Hymn* 5.]

# GOOD FRIDAY.

**Hymn 41.**



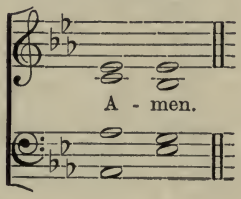
THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heav'n,
Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heav'n, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do.



# EASTER.

**Hymn 42.**

*To be sung in Unison.*

*mf* AL - LE - LU - IA! *f* AL - LE - - LU - IA! *ff* AL - - - - LE -

- - LU - - - - - IA!

*f* Al - - - - - le - lu - - - - ia!

# EASTER.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !
O sons and daughters, let us sing !
The King of Heav'n, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia !

That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.
Alleluia !

An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat, and spake unto the three,
" Your LORD doth go to Galilee."
Alleluia !

That night th' Apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their LORD most dear,
And said, " My peace be on all here."
Alleluia !

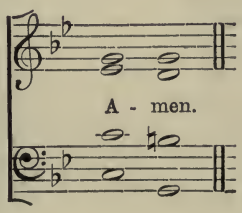
When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen LORD,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia !

" My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see ;
My Hands, My Feet, I show to thee ;
Not faithless, but believing be."
Alleluia !

No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side ;
" Thou art my LORD and GOD," he cried.
Alleluia !

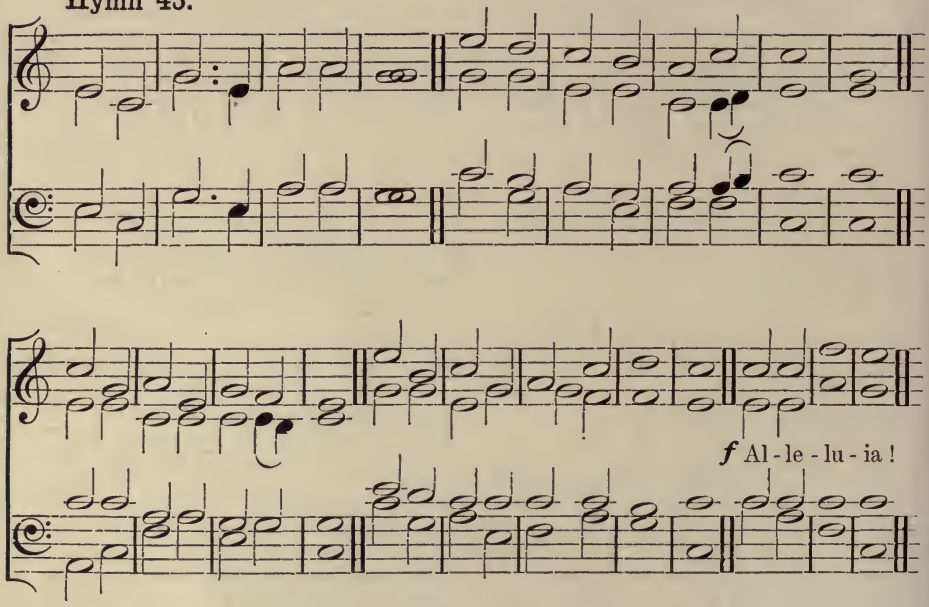
How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.
Alleluia !

On this most holy day of days,
To GOD your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.
Alleluia !



# EASTER.

**Hymn 43.**



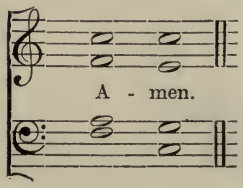

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can thy terrors, death, appal us ;
JESUS lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthral us.
Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! for us He died ;
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia !

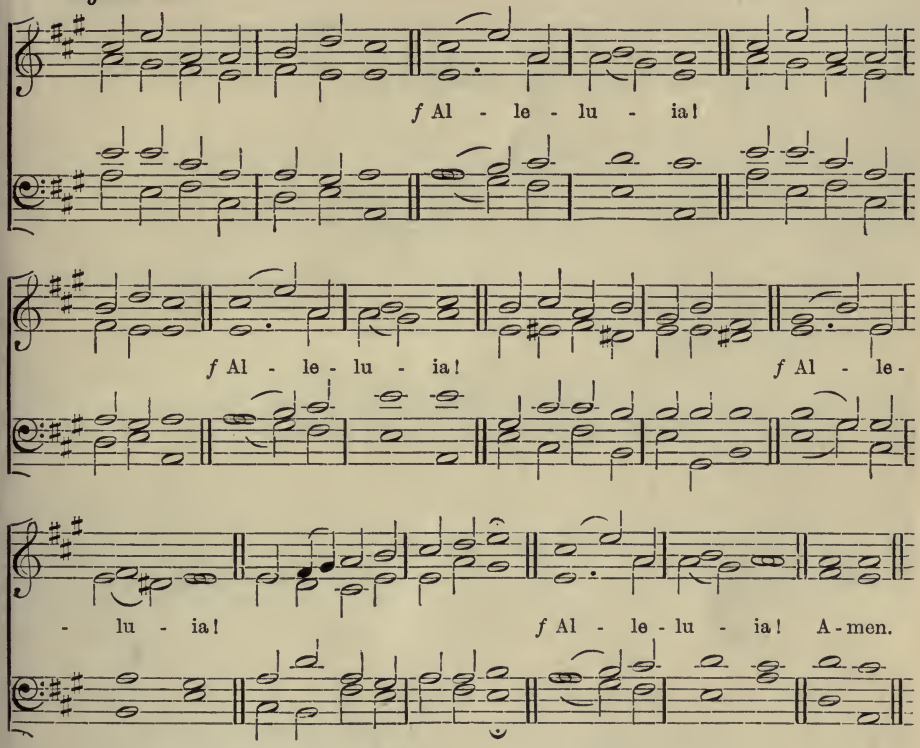
JESUS lives ! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia !




[*See also Hymn* 6.]

# ASCENSION.

## Hymn 44.




HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Alleluia!
To His Throne above the skies;
Alleluia!
CHRIST, the LAMB for sinners given,
Alleluia!
Enters now the highest Heav'n.
Alleluia!

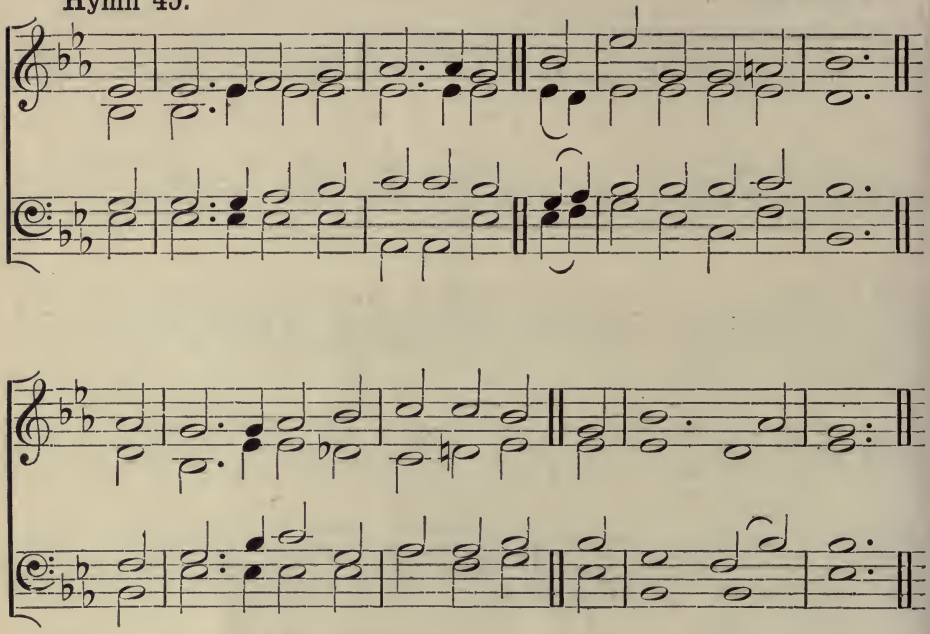
There for Him high triumph waits;
Alleluia!
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Alleluia!
He hath conquer'd death and sin;
Alleluia!
Take the King of glory in.
Alleluia!

Lo! the Heav'n its LORD receives,
Alleluia!
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Alleluia!
Though returning to His Throne,
Alleluia!
Still He calls mankind His own.
Alleluia!

LORD, though parted from our sight
Alleluia!
Far above the starry height,
Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Alleluia!
Seeking Thee above the skies.
Alleluia!

# WHITSUNDAY.

**Hymn 45.**



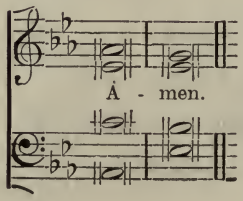
OUR Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heav'n.

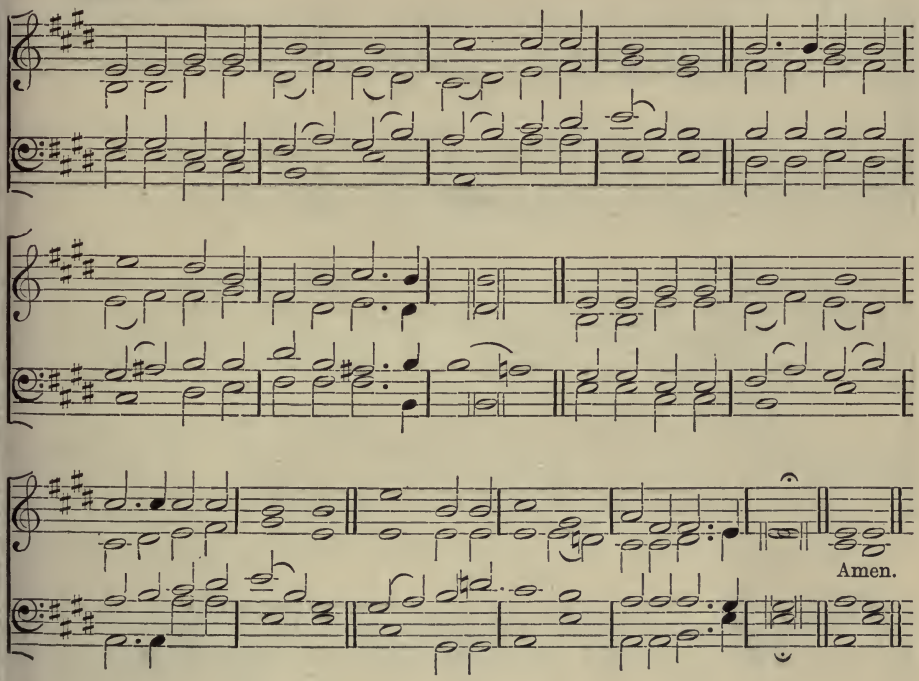
And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

SPIRIT of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.



# TRINITY.

**Hymn 46.**




HOLY, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY!

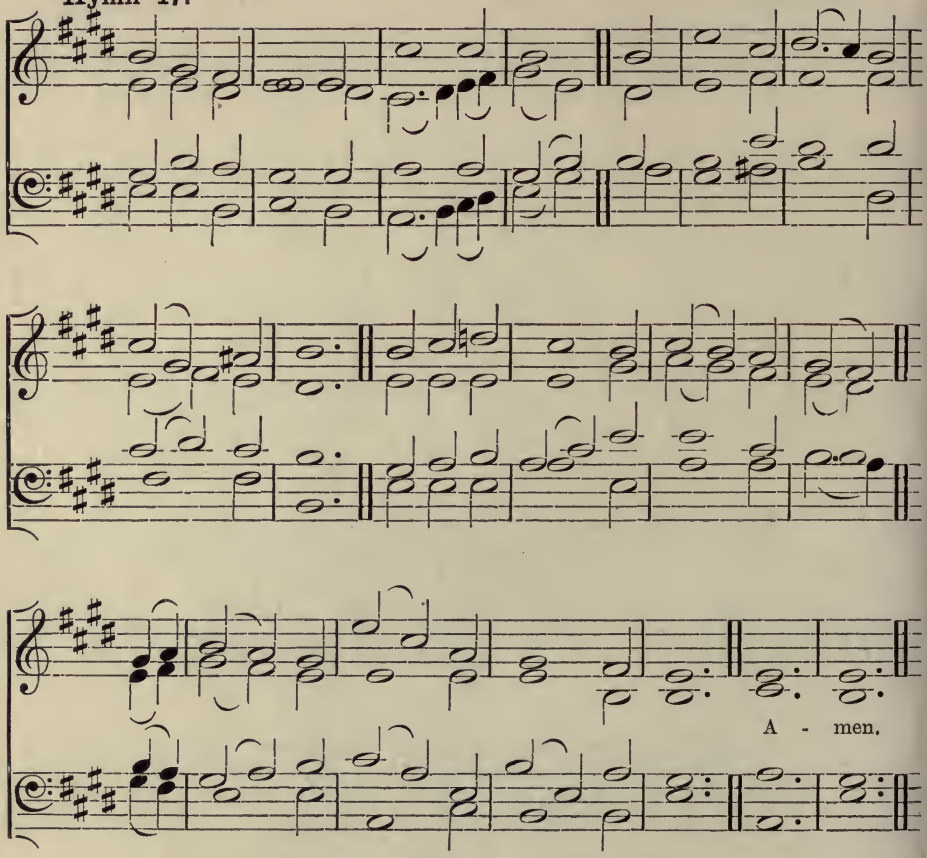
Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
GOD in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY!

# FOREIGN MISSIONS.

**Hymn 47.**




JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

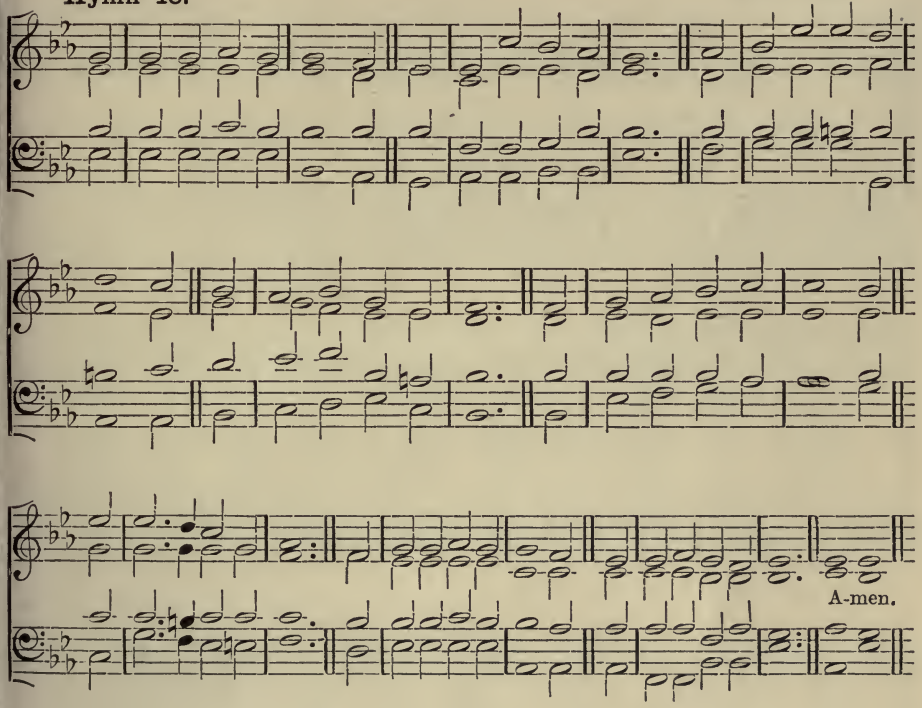
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

# FOREIGN MISSIONS.

**Hymn 48.**




FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

# FOREIGN MISSIONS.

**Hymn 49.**

*mf*

1. God is.... work - ing His pur - pose out, as year suc - ceeds to.....
3. What can we do to..... work God's work, to pros - per and in -
5. All we can do is..... no - thing worth, un - less God bless - es the

*cres.*

year: God is..... work - ing His pur - pose out, and the
- crease The bro - ther - hood of..... all man - kind— the.....
deed, Vain - ly we hope for the har - vest - tide, till.....

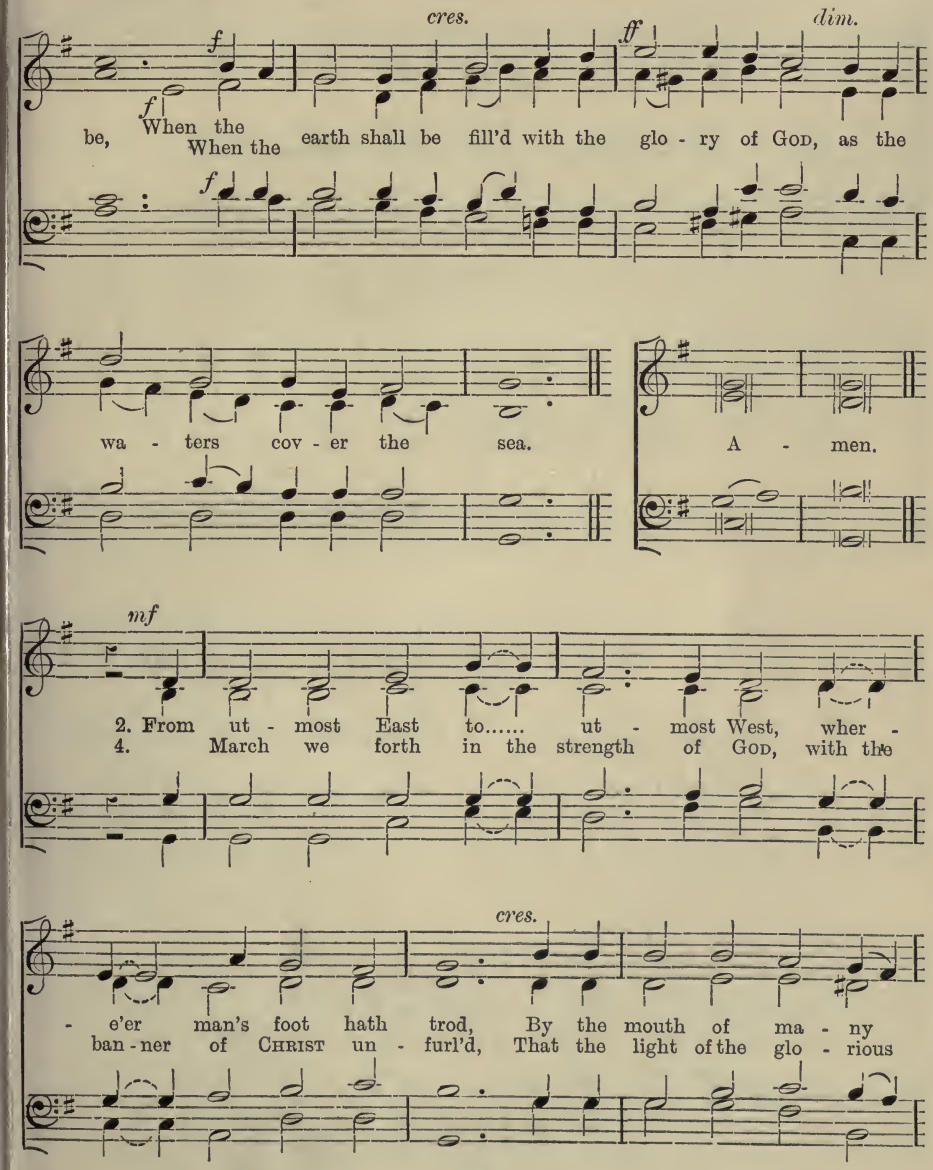
time is..... draw - ing near— Near - er and near - er
reign of the Prince of Peace? What can we do to
God gives life to the seed; Yet near - er and near - er

*p*

*cres.*

draws..... the time—
has - ten the time— } the time that shall sure - ly
draws..... the time—

# FOREIGN MISSIONS.



# FOREIGN MISSIONS.

mes - sen - gers goes forth the voice of
Gos - pel of Truth may shine through - out the

*mf* *cres.*

God; Give ear..... to Me, ye con - ti - nents— ye
world: Fight we the fight with sor - row and sin, to

*f* *cres.*

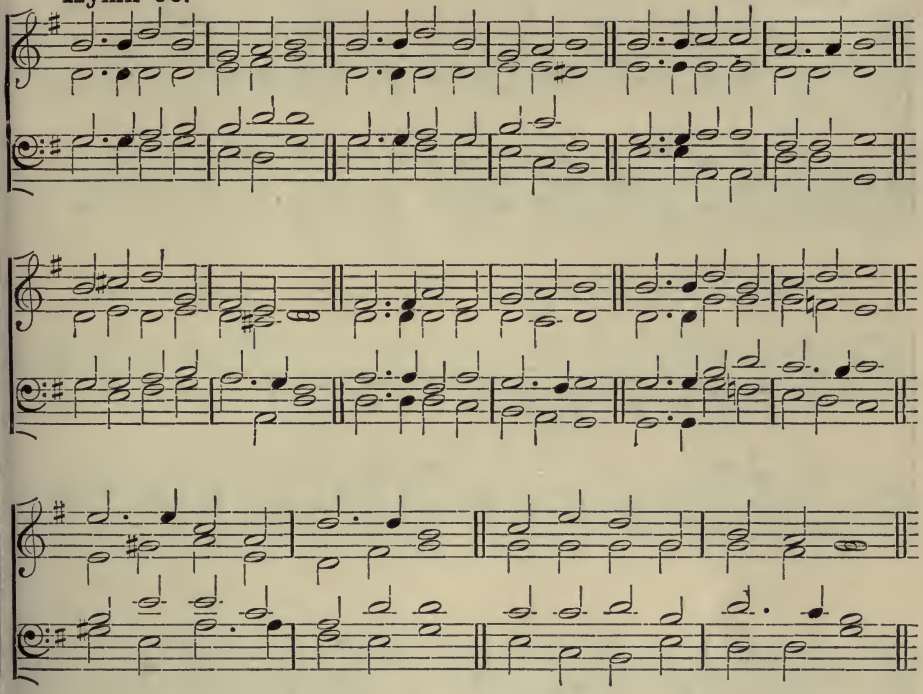
isles, give ear to Me, } That the
set their cap - tives free, } That the earth may be fill'd with the

*ff* *dim.*

glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea.

# HARVEST.

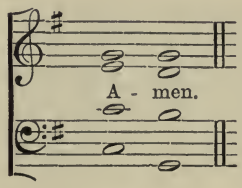
**Hymn 50.**



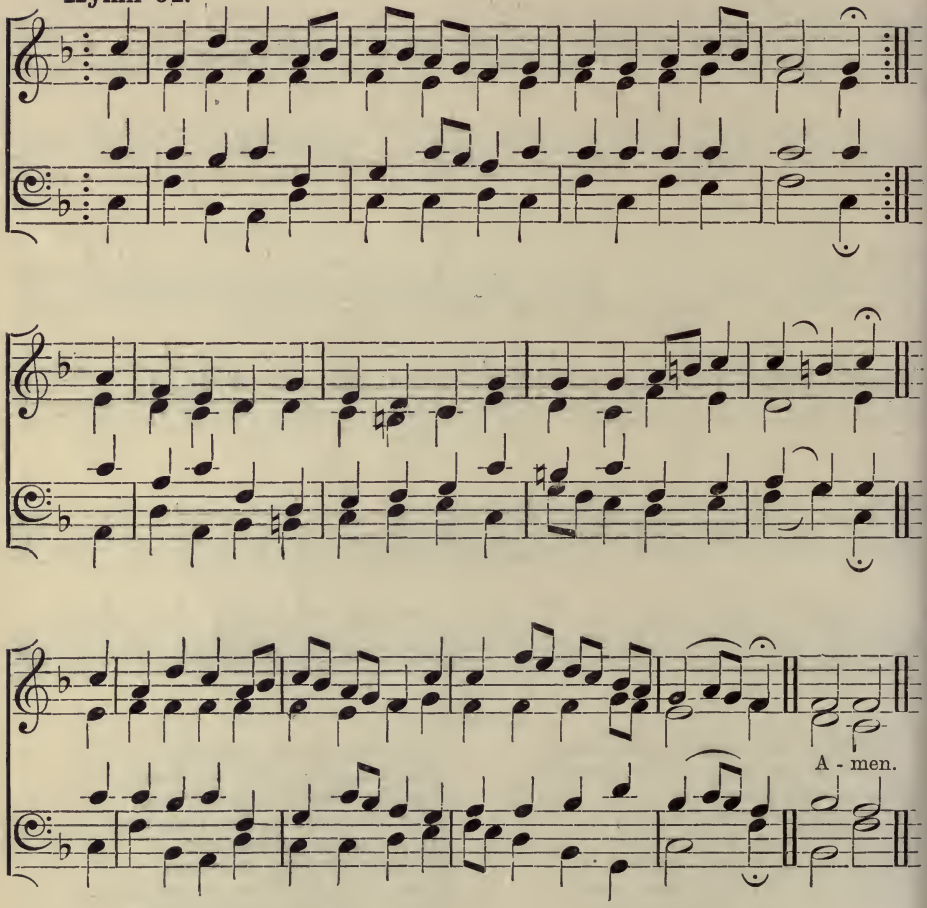
COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home:
All is safely gather'd in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;
GOD, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to GOD'S own Temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All this world is GOD'S own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
Ripening with a wondrous power
Till the final Harvest-hour:
Grant, O LORD of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

Come then, LORD of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home:
Let Thy Saints be gather'd in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee for evermore:
Come, with all Thine Angels come:
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home.



**Hymn 51.**

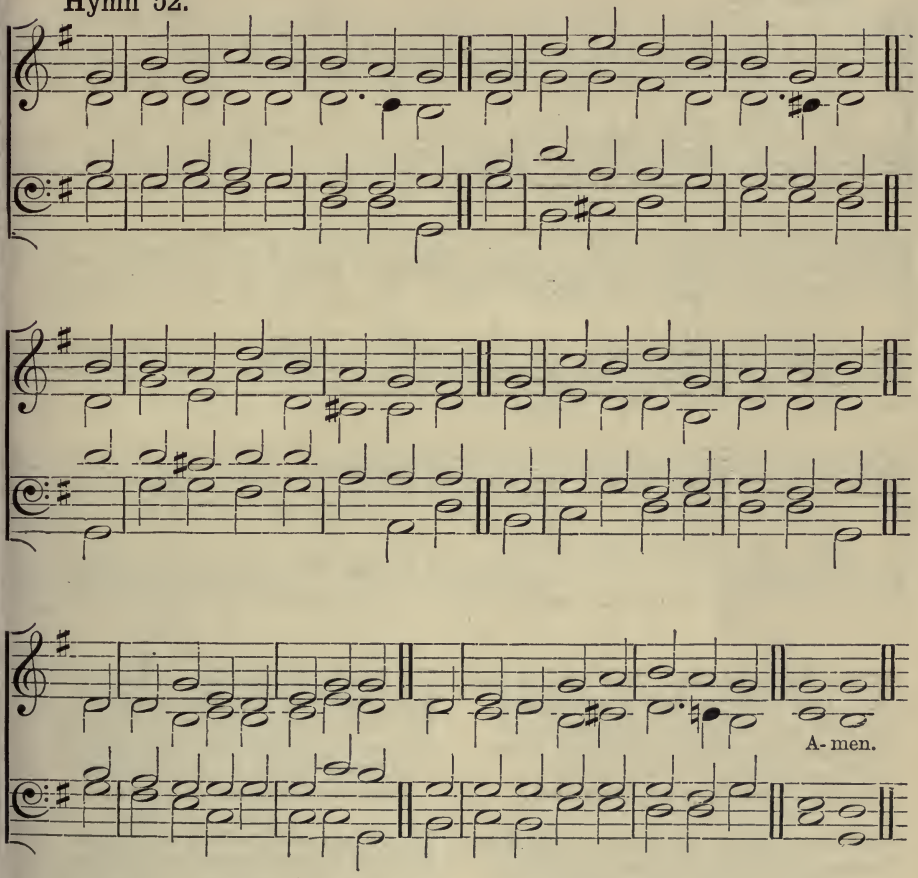



TO Thee, O LORD, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation;
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous Hand confessing,
Upon Thine Altar, LORD, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing;
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the Bread Eternal.

# HARVEST AND ROGATION-TIDE.

**Hymn 52.**



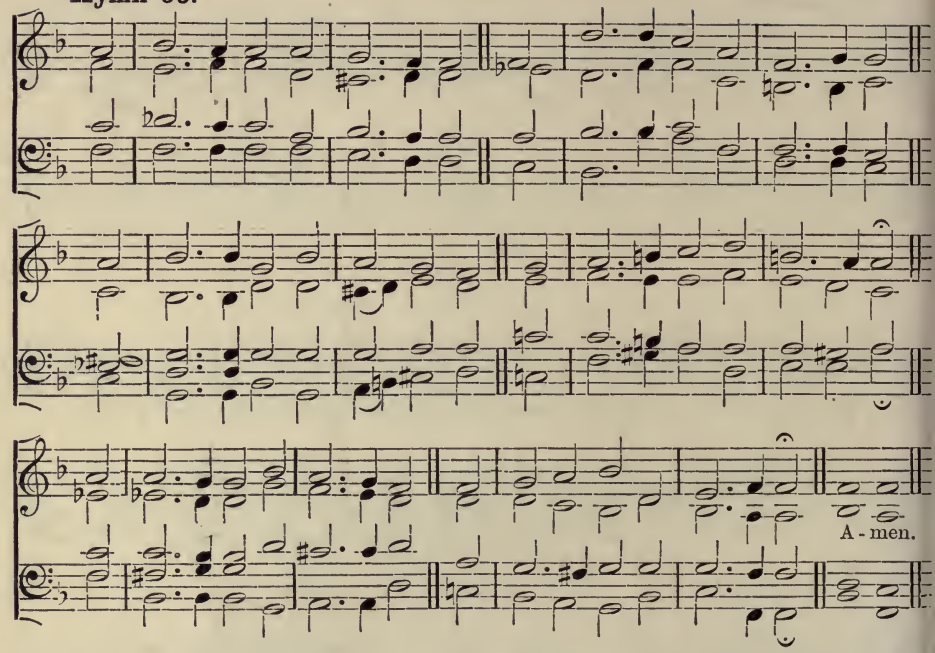

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain,
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings:
So, LORD, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

[*See also Hymns* 7, 9, *and* 10.]

# ALL SAINTS.

**Hymn 53.**




THE Saints of GOD! their conflict past
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their LORD:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At JESUS' feet how safe your rest!

The Saints of GOD! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The Saints of GOD! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

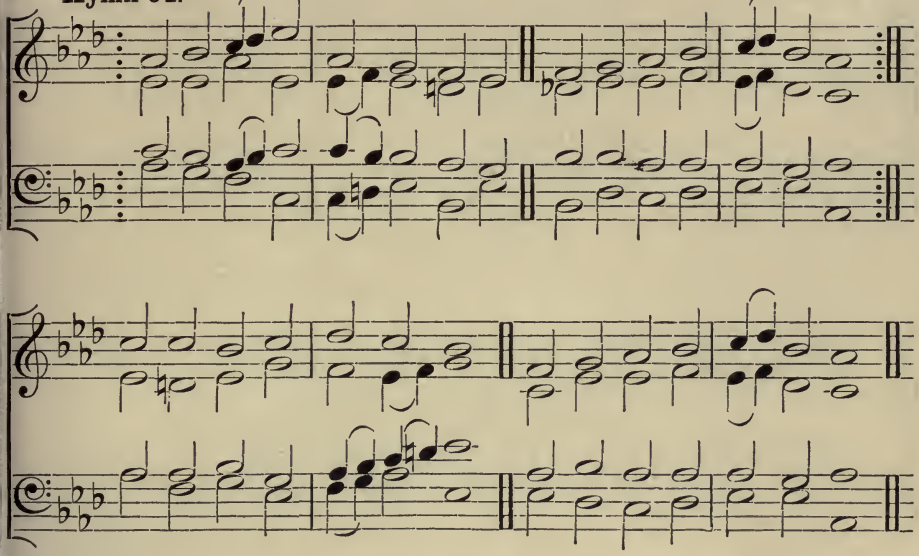
The Saints of GOD their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy Saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your LORD and King.

O GOD of Saints, to Thee we cry;
O SAVIOUR, plead for us on high;
O HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

[*See also Hymn* 12.]

# FOR THE SICK

**Hymn 54.**

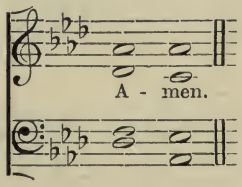


THOU to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing word replying
To the wearied cry of pain,
Hear us, JESU, as we meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

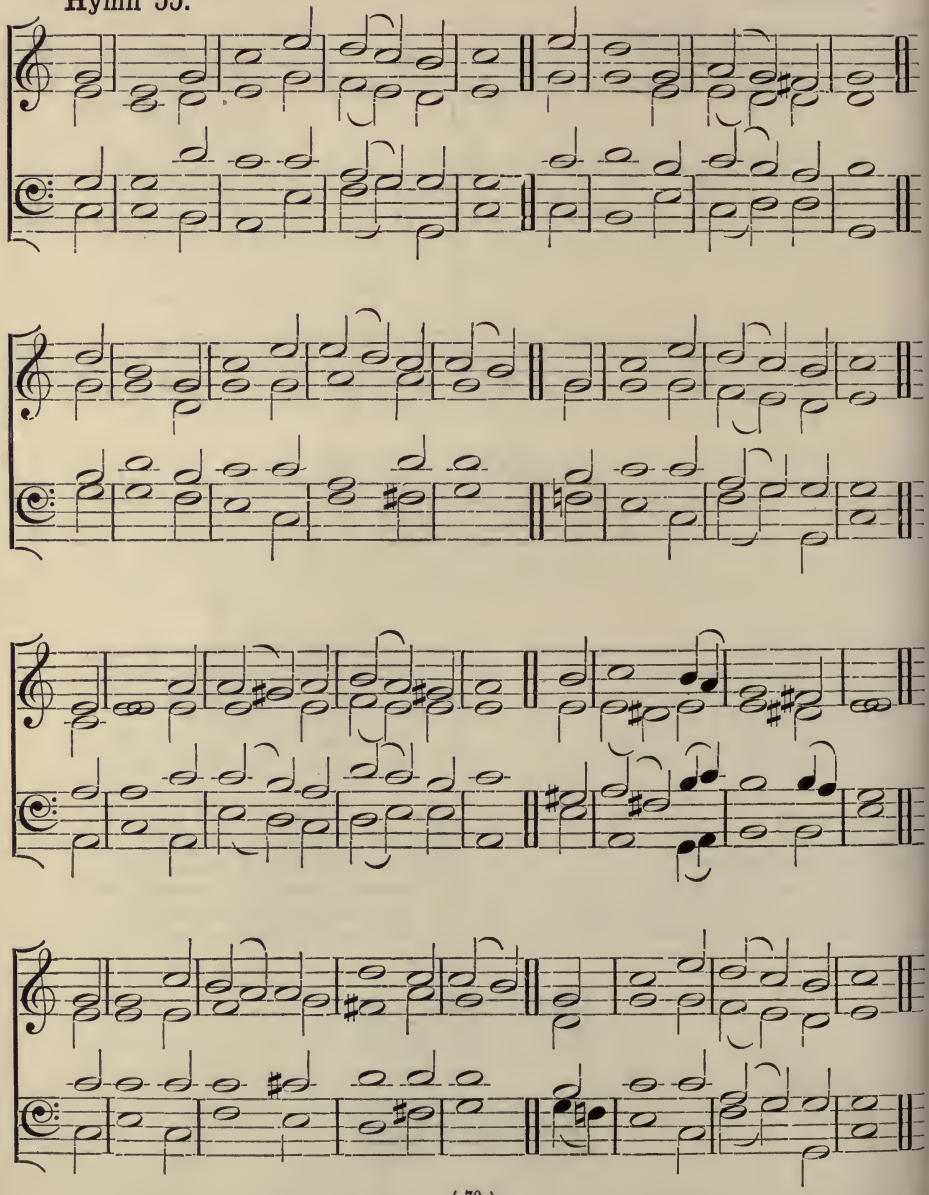
May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransom'd, cleansèd, heal'd,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardon'd at Thy judgment-seat.



# FOR THE SICK.

Hymn 55.

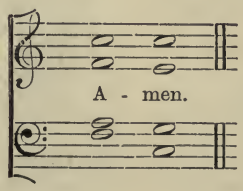


# FOR THE SICK.

THINE arm, O LORD, in days of old
  Was strong to heal and save;
It triumph'd o'er disease and death,
  O'er darkness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
  The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
  The sick with fever'd frame.

And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
  Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renew'd and frenzy calm'd
  Own'd Thee, the LORD of light;
And now, O LORD, be near to bless,
  Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
  As by Gennesareth's shore.

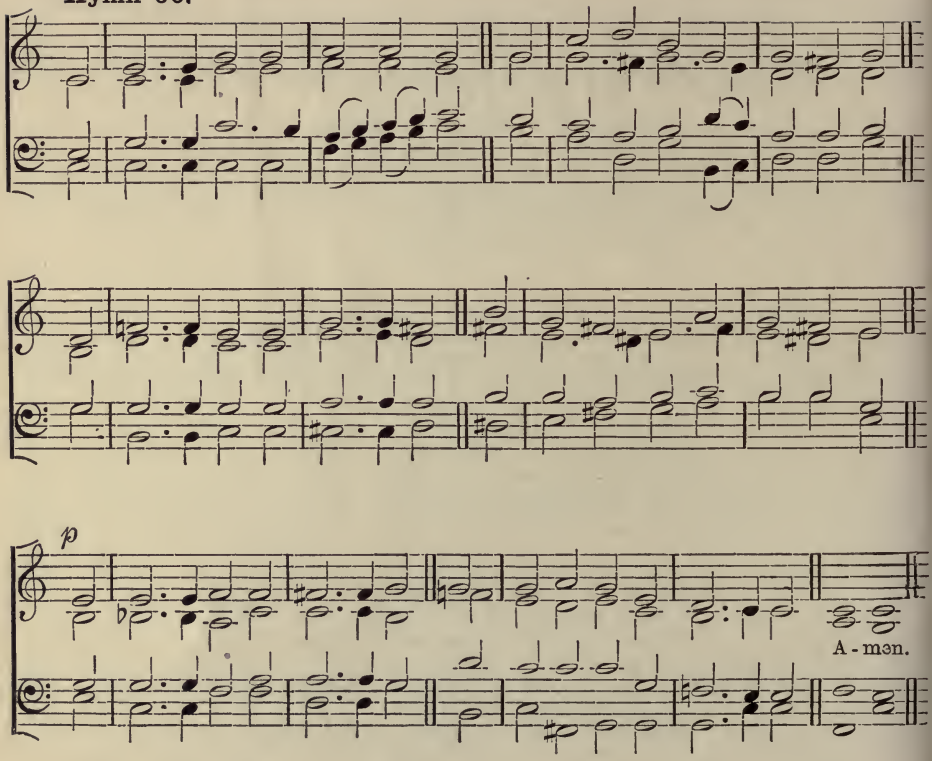
Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
  Thou LORD of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
  With Thine Almighty Breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
  Give wisdom's heav'nly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong
  May praise Thee evermore.




[*See Hymn* 13.]

# FOR THOSE AT SEA.

**Hymn 56.**




ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep :
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

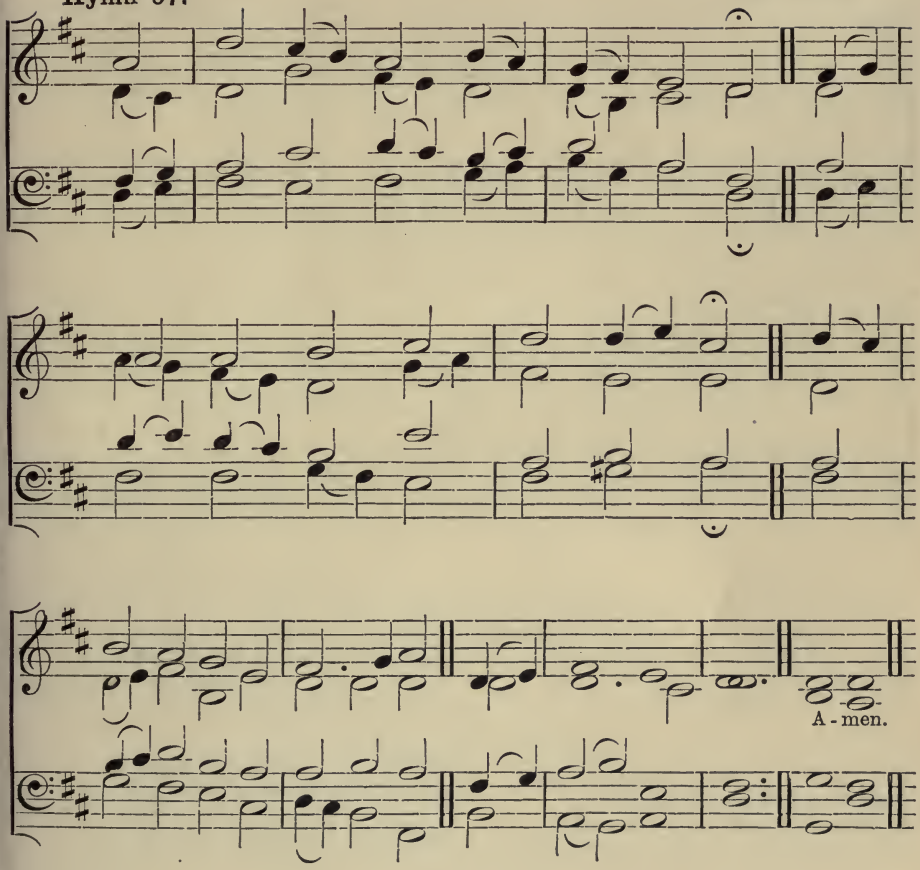
O CHRIST, Whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O HOLY SPIRIT, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

# COLLECTION HYMN.

Hymn 57.




O LORD of Heav'n, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

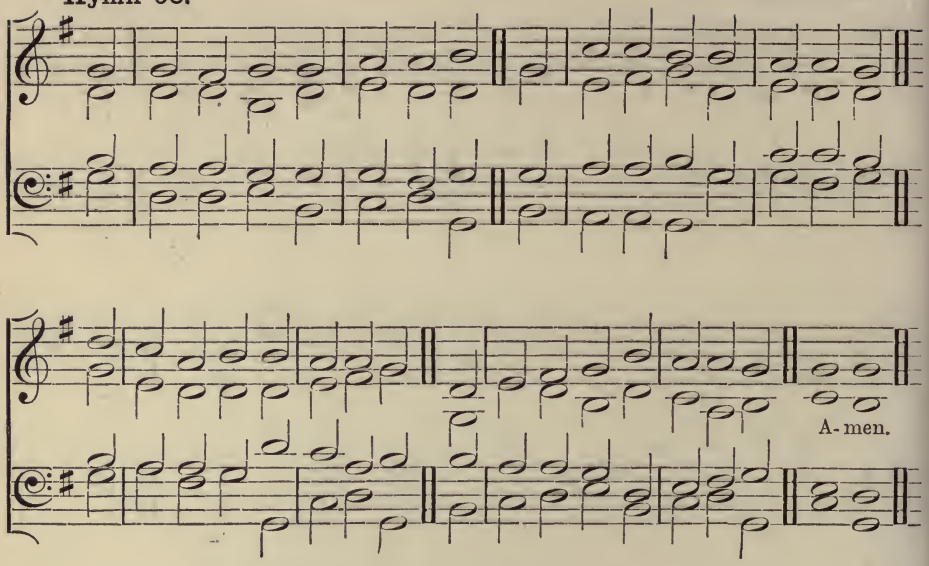
The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare ;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all !

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all !

To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all.

# OPENING HYMN.

**Hymn 58.**




AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last ;
Improve thy tallent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

PART 2.

Glory to Thee Who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept ;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

LORD, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

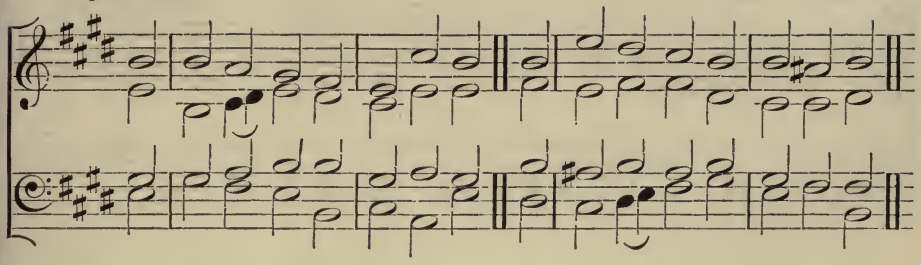
Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

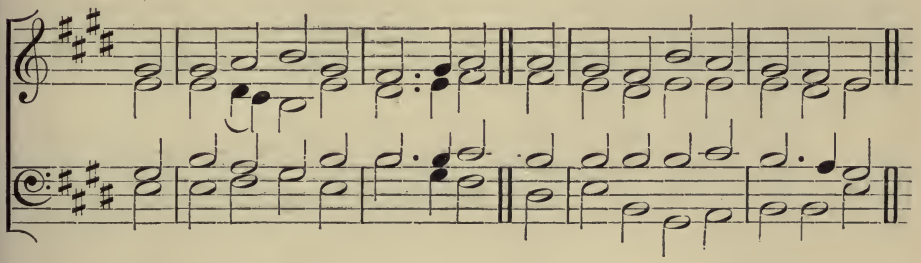
*The following should be sung at the end of either Part.*

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

# OPENING HYMN.

Hymn 59.





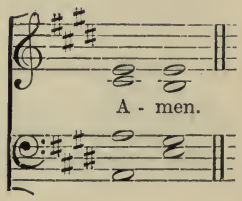
NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

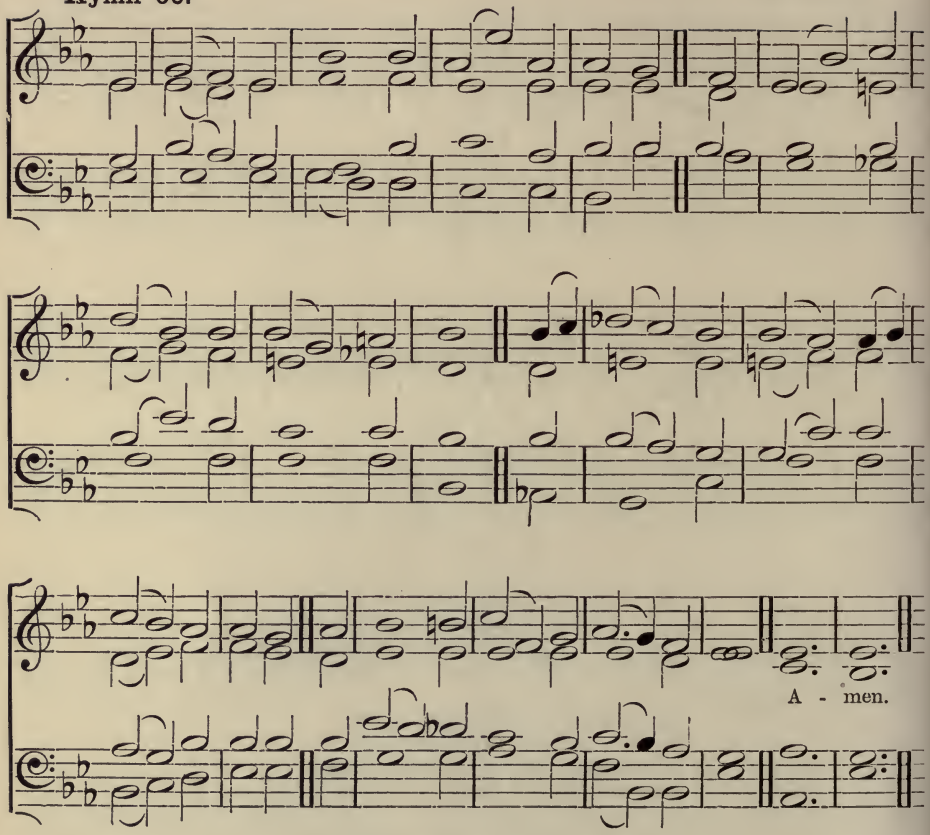
The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.



# CLOSING HYMN.

**Hymn 60.**




THE day Thou gavest, LORD, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

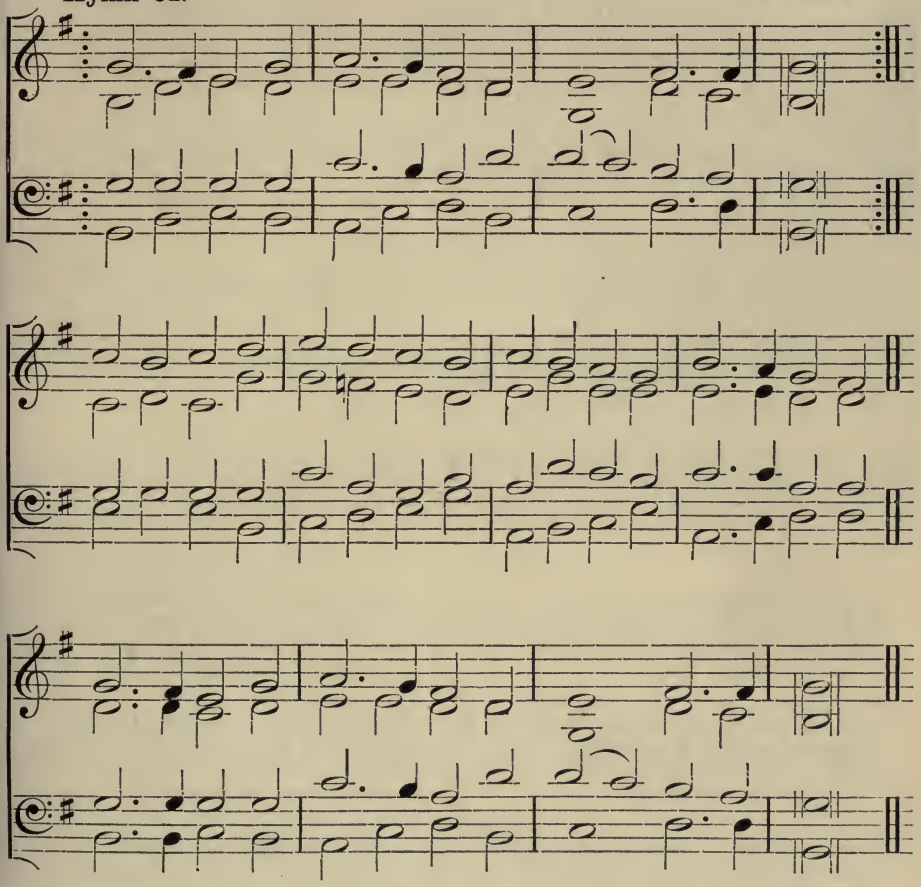
We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

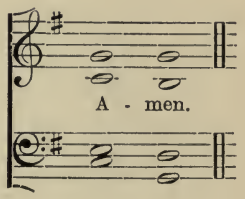
So be it, LORD, Thy Throne shall never
Like earth's proud empires, pass away,
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

# CLOSING HYMN.

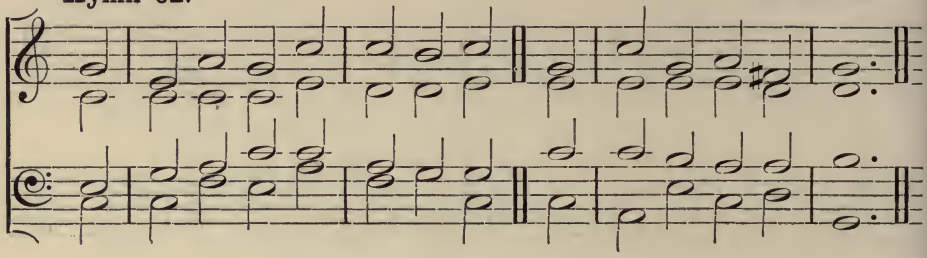
**Hymn 61.**

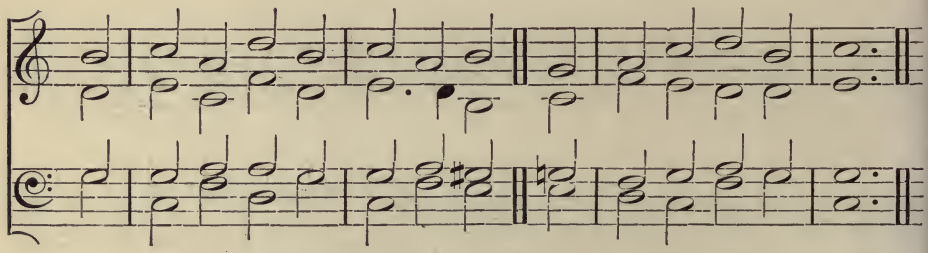


GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil has given,
For rest the night ;
May Thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.



**Hymn 62.**





O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

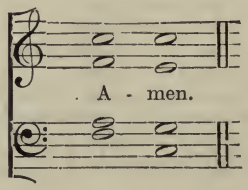
Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD.
To endless years the Same.

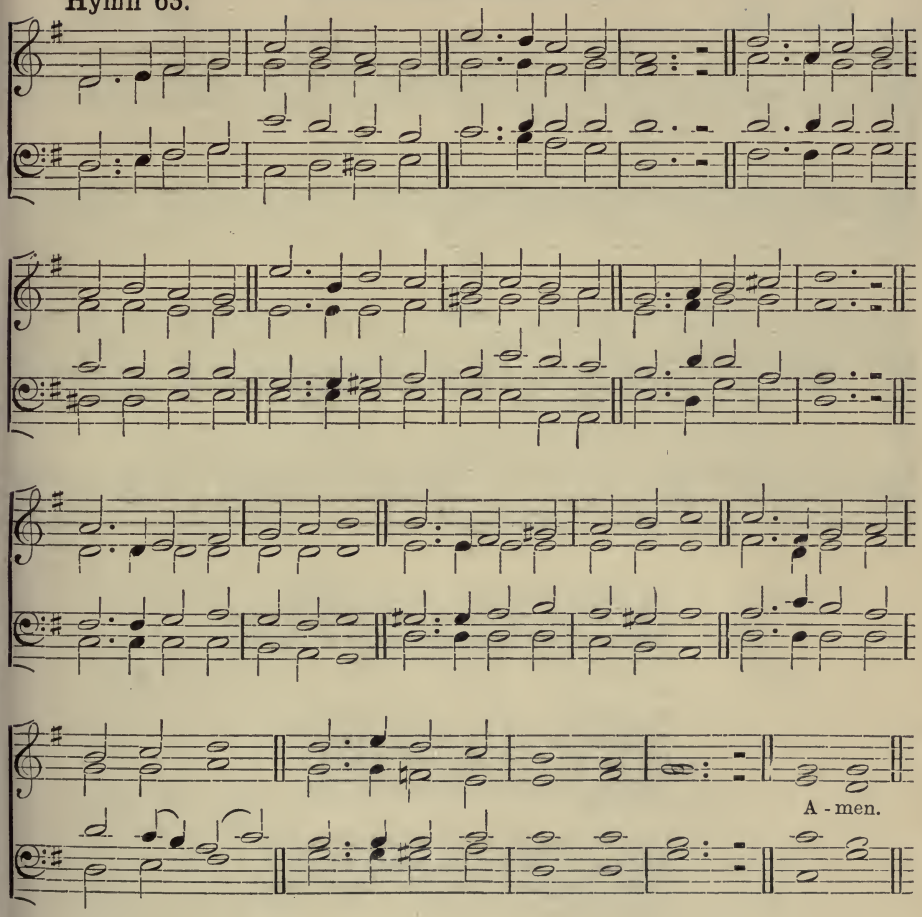
A thousand ages in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.



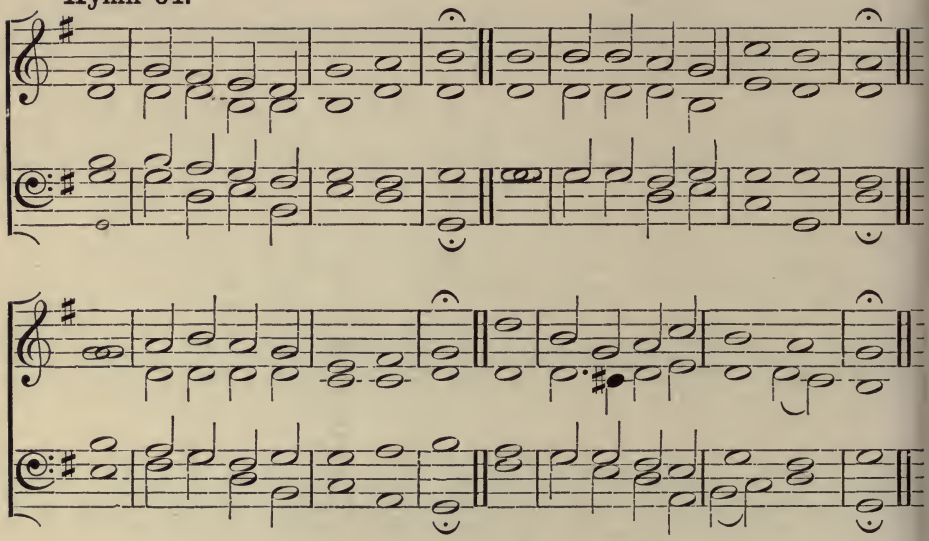
Hymn 63.




BOUNTEOUS SPIRIT, ever shedding
Life the world to fill!
Swarms the fruitful globe o'erspreading,
Shoals their ocean pathway threading,
Own Thy quick'ning thrill:
Author of each creature's birth,
Life of life beneath the earth,
Everywhere, O SPIRIT Blest,
Thou art motion, Thou art rest.

O'er the waters of creation
Moved Thy Wings Divine;
When the world, to animation
Waking 'neath Thy visitation,
Teem'd with powers benign:
Thou didst man to being call,
Didst restore him from his fall;
Pouring, like the latter rain,
Grace to quicken him again.

**Hymn 64.**

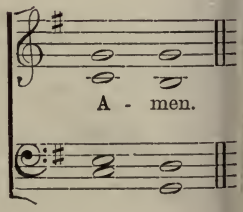


ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

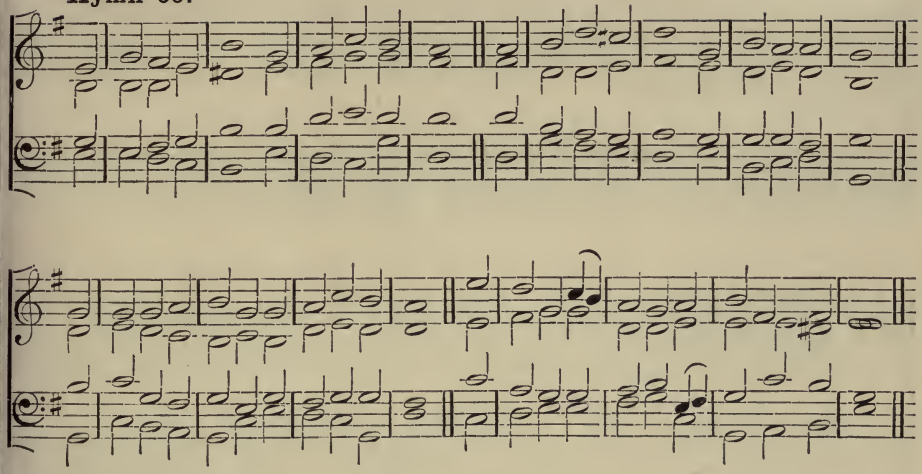
O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the LORD our GOD is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.




TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom Heav'n and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

**Hymn 65.**



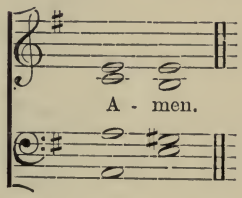
O WORSHIP the King
All-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

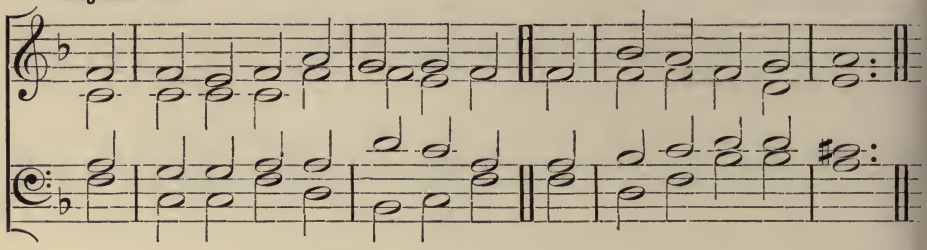
The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle the sea.

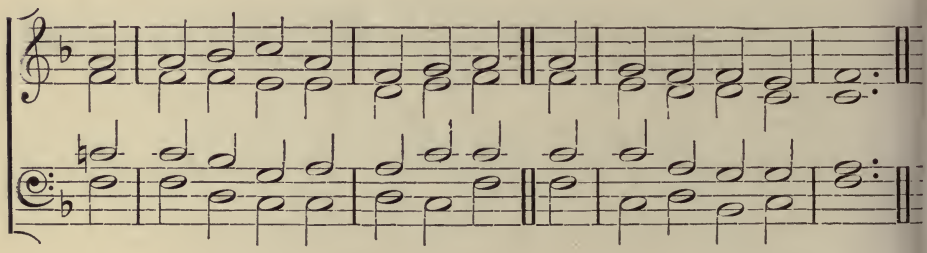
Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransom'd creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise.



**Hymn 66.**





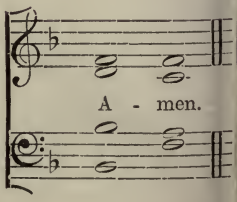
THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heav'nly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

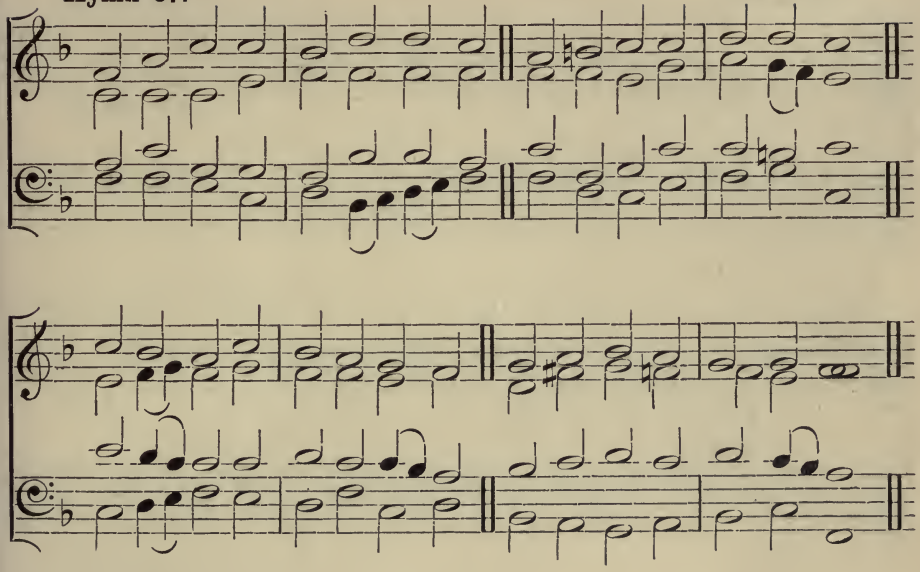
The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small,
In peace and order move.

The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display:
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Thou Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.



**Hymn 67.**

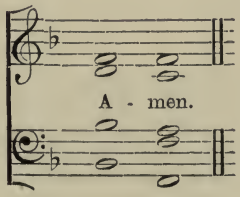


JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth.
Saying, "Christian, follow Me : "

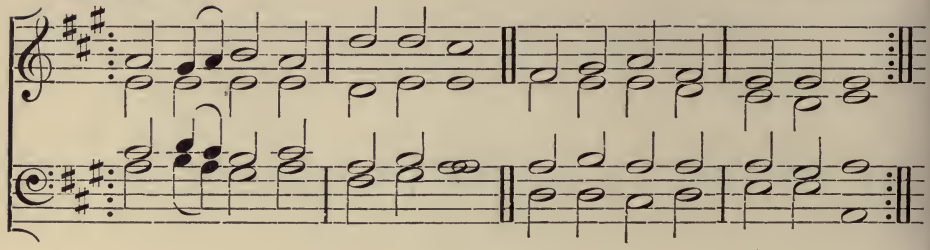
As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

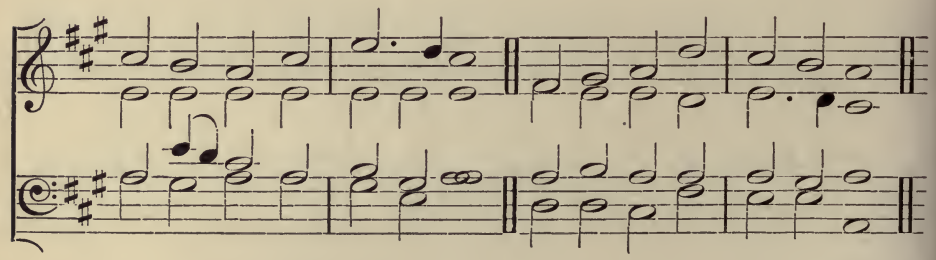
In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

JESUS calls us : by Thy mercies,
SAVIOUR, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.



Hymn 68.

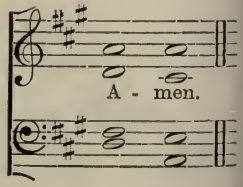




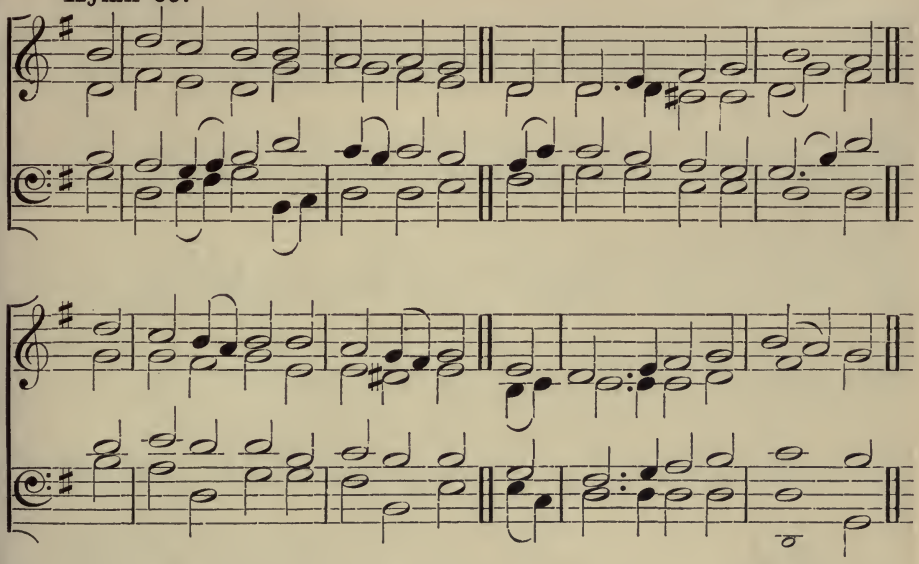
FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
Pleasure pure and undefiled,
LORD of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.



**Hymn 69.**



THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

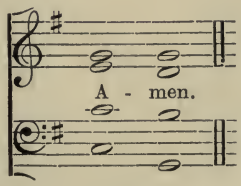
Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His Shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear LORD, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a Table in my sight ;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.



**Hymn 70.**

*Sostenuto.*

*cres.*

*cres.* *f*

ANGEL-VOICES, ever singing,
Round Thy Throne of light,
Angel-harps for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night;
Thousands only live to bless Thee
And confess Thee
LORD of might!

Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,—
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can!

Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices,
For Thy praise design;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

In Thy House, Great GOD, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Psalmody.

Honour, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Blessèd TRINITY!
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven
Render Thee.

A - men.

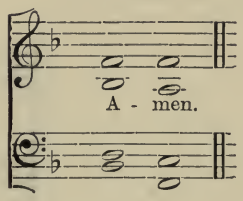
**Hymn 71.**

*Very slow.*

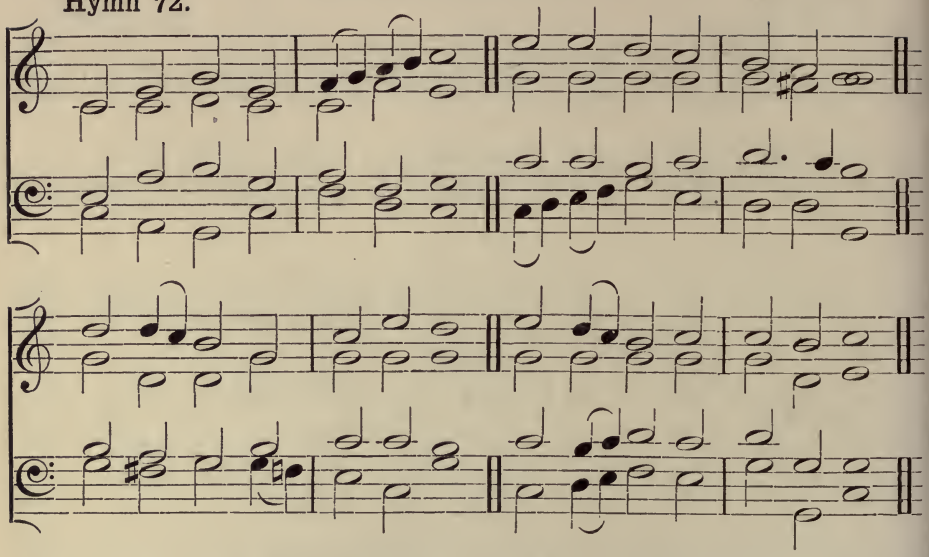
NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath bless'd us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Him Who reigns
With Them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heav'n adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



**Hymn 72.**



PRAISE, O praise our GOD and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

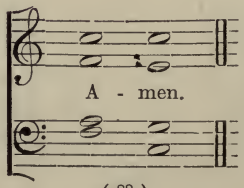
Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

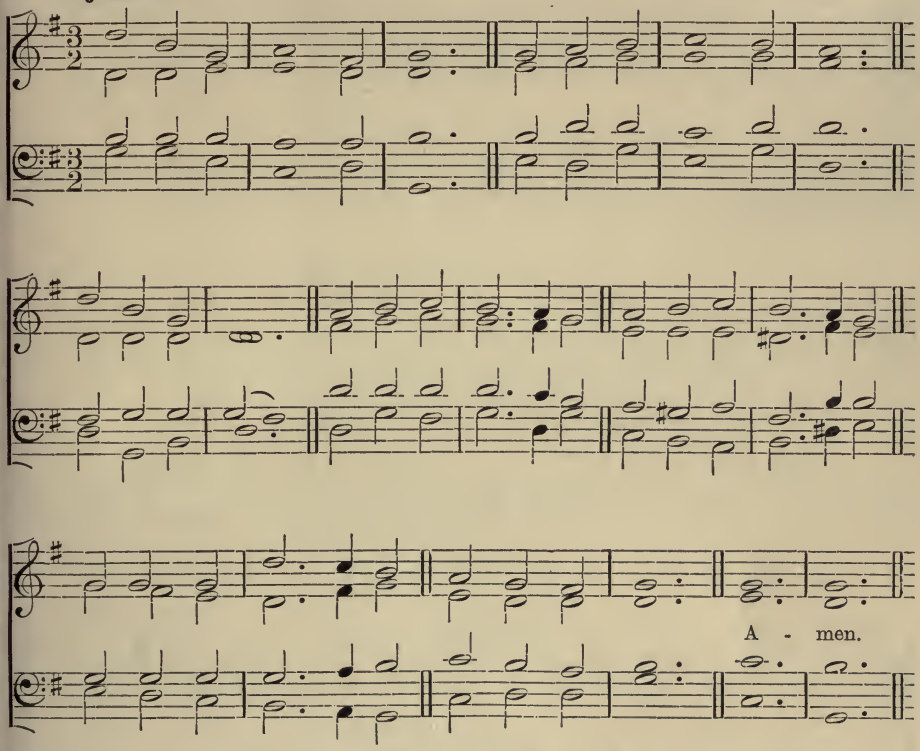
Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For His mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Glory to our Bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the FATHER, SON,
And Blest SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.



**Hymn 73.**



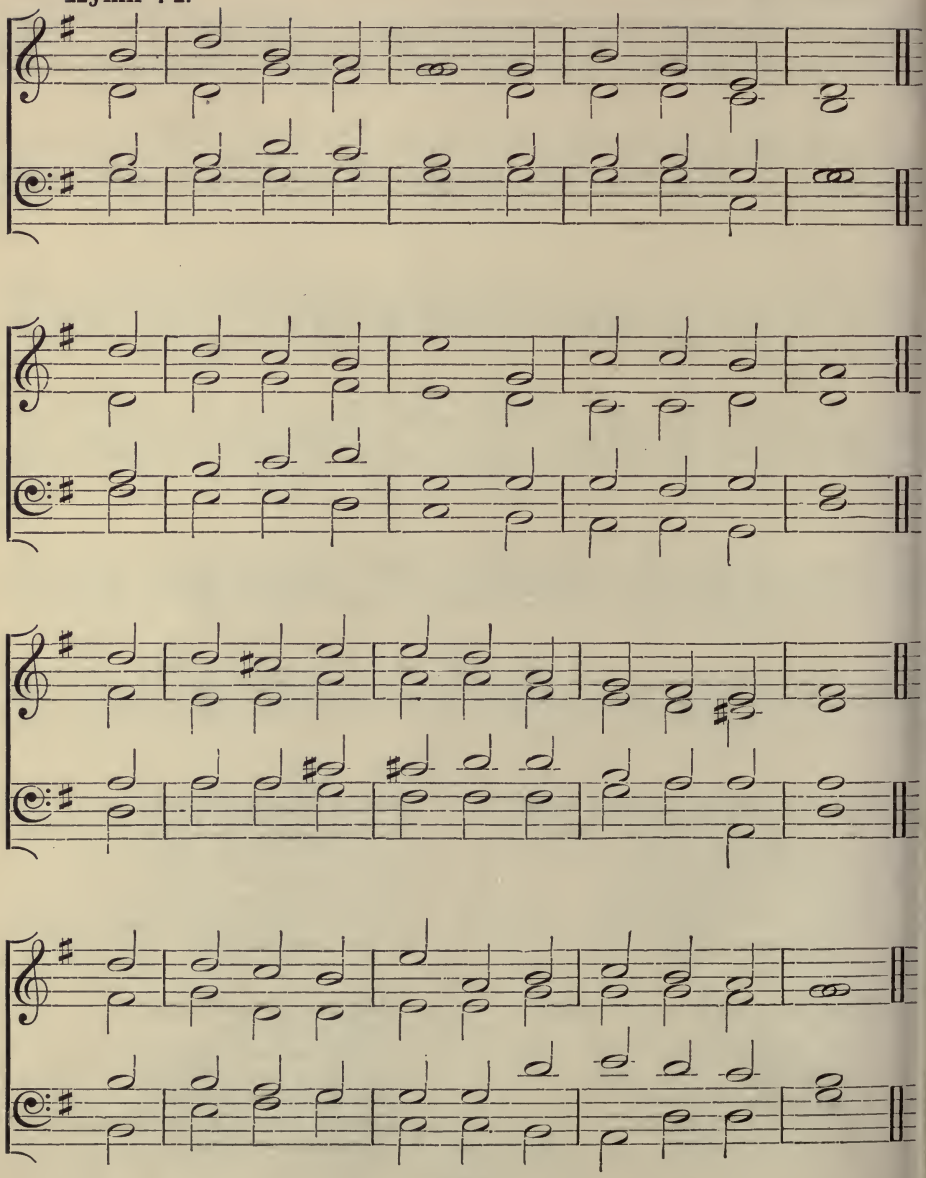

THOU, Whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight ;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh ! now to all mankind
Let there be light.

SPIRIT of truth and love,
Life-giving, HOLY DOVE,
Speed forth Thy flight ;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Holy and Blessèd THREE,
Glorious TRINITY,
Wisdom, Love, Might ;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light.

Hymn 74.



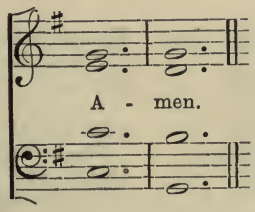
# MISCELLANEOUS.

O PRAISE ye the LORD!
  Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His Word,
  Ye Angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him
  By Whom ye were made,
And worship before Him,
  In brightness array'd.

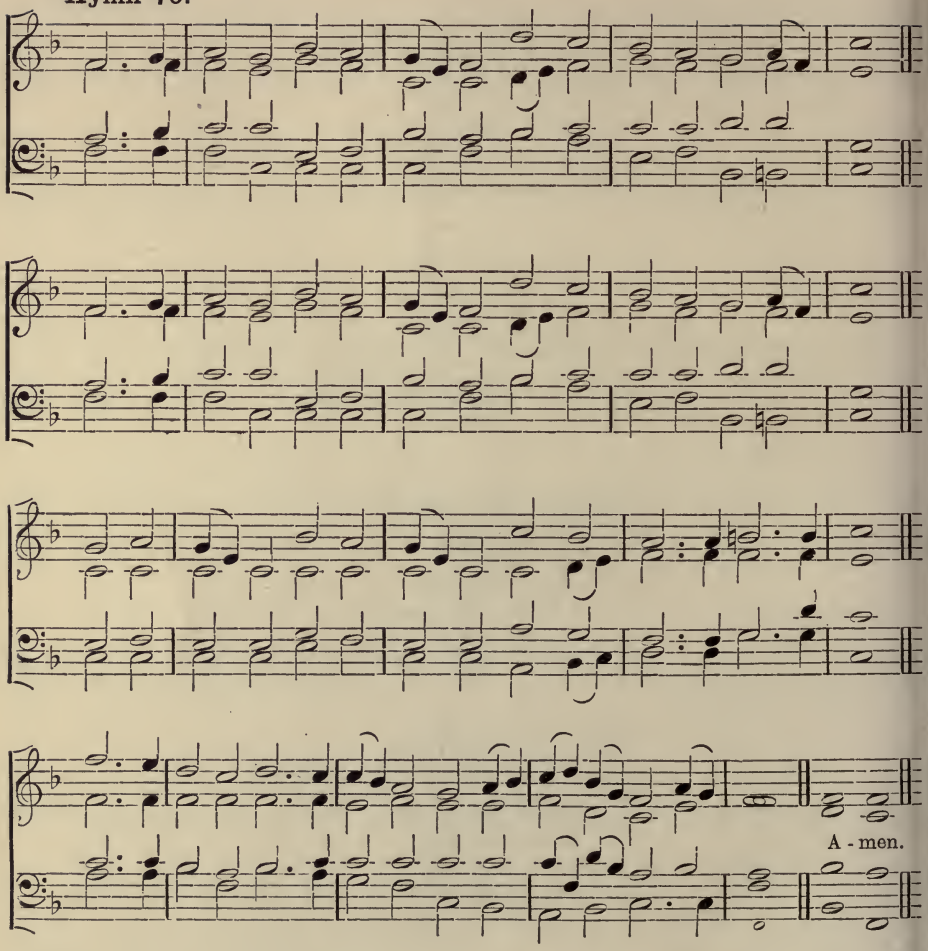
O praise ye the LORD!
  Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
  Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him Who hath brought you
  His grace from above,
Praise Him Who hath taught you
  To sing of His love.

O praise ye the LORD,
  All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
  Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
  Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
  Of what He hath done.

O praise ye the LORD!
  Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpour'd
  All ages along:
For love in creation,
  For heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
  O praise ye the LORD!



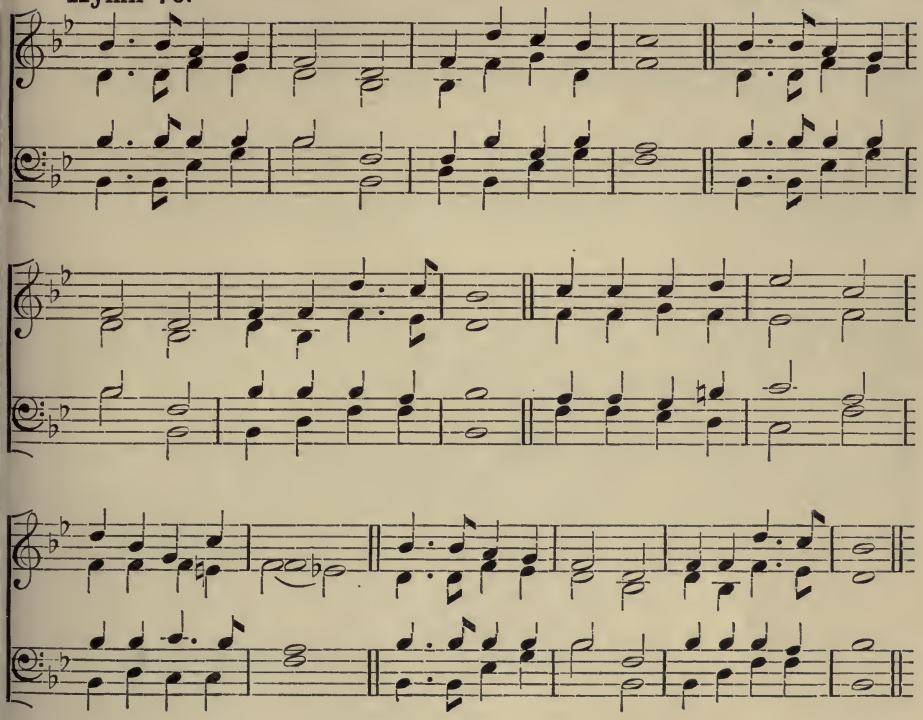
Hymn 75.




PRAISE the LORD! ye heav'ns, adore Him,
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the LORD! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
GOD hath made His Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the GOD of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim:
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His name!

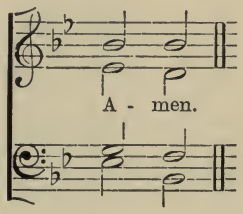
Hymn 76.



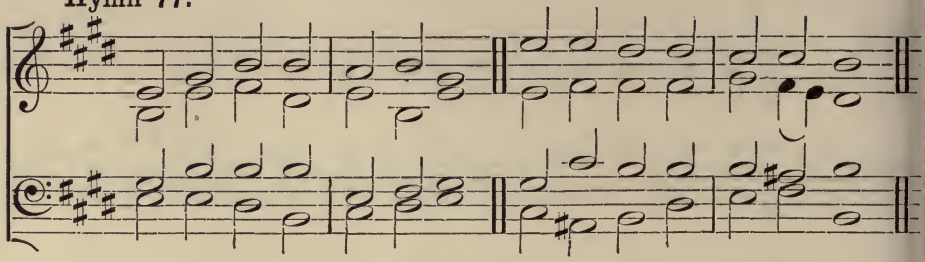
SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,
Listen whilst we sing,
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King;
All we have we offer;
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

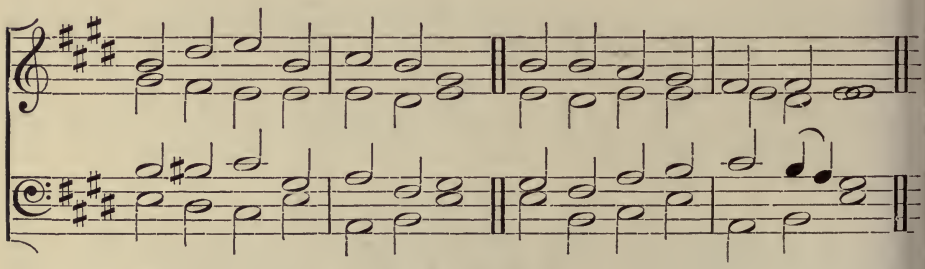
Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here;
True and everlasting
Are the glories there;
Where no pain, nor sorrow,
Toil, nor care, is known,
Where the Angel-legions
Circle round Thy Throne.

Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by Saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.



**Hymn 77.**





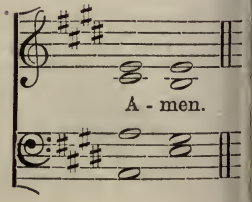
SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

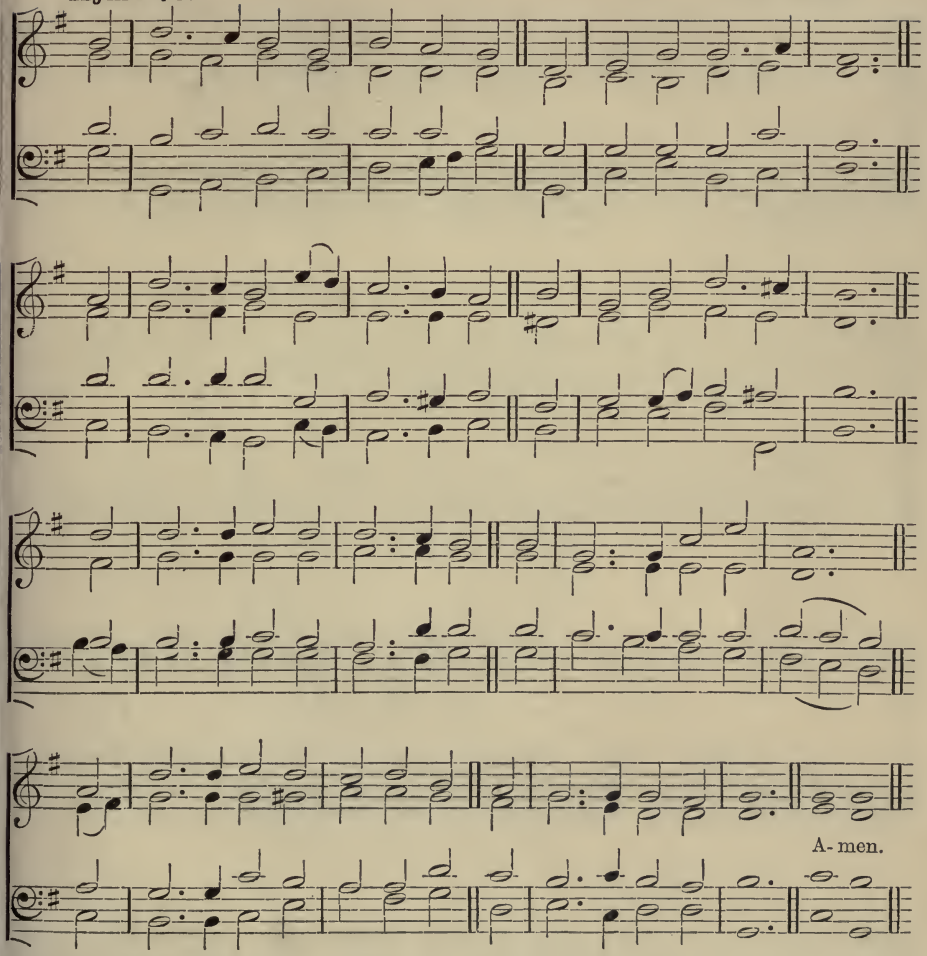
And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise,
Jesu, glory unto Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.



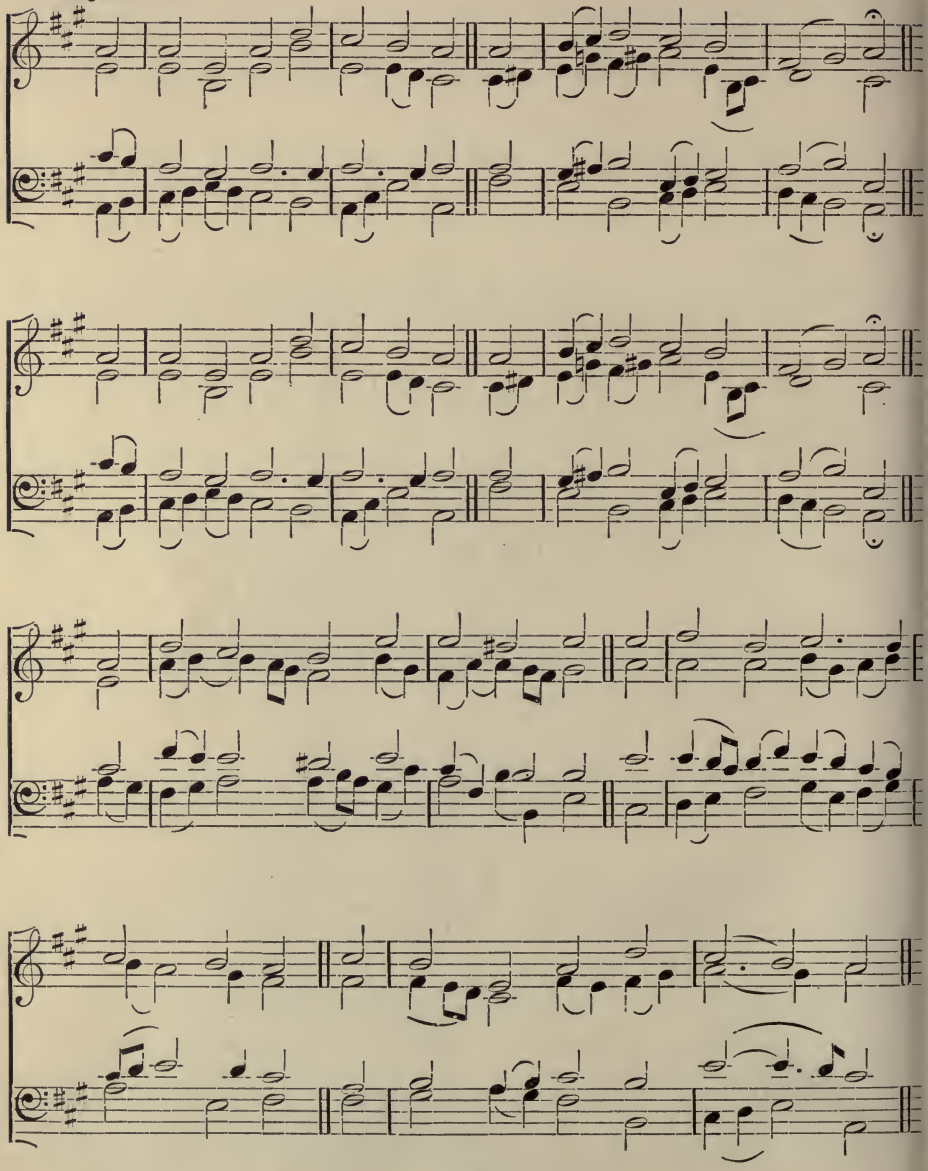
Hymn 78.




O PRAISE our Great and Gracious LORD,
And call upon His Name;
To strains of joy tune every chord,
His mighty acts proclaim;
Tell how He led His chosen race
To Canaan's promised land;
Tell how His covenant of grace
Unchanged shall ever stand.

He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
The moving fire by night;
To guide His Israel on their way,
He made their darkness light;
And have not we a sure retreat,
A Saviour ever nigh,
The same clear light to guide our feet,
The Day-spring from on high?

Hymn 79.



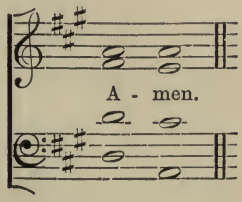
# MISCELLANEOUS.

SING praise to God Who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills;
To God all praise and glory.

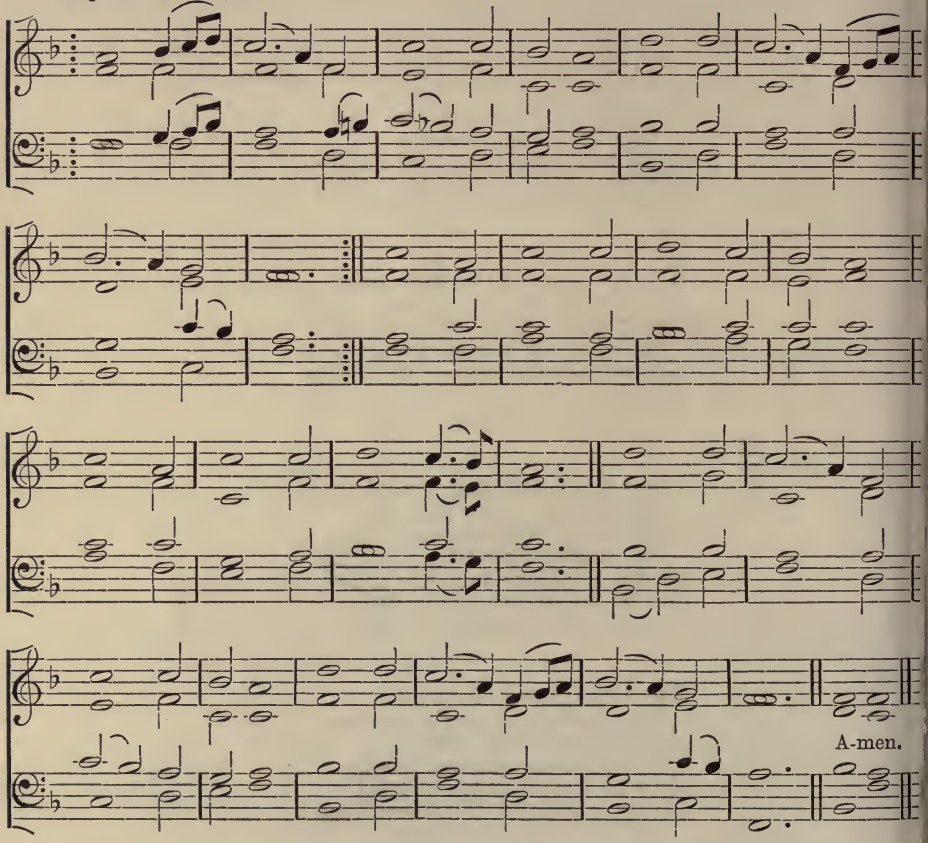
The Angel-host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span
And power which form'd creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory.

What God's Almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might
Lo! all is just, and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.

The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.



**Hymn 80.** (First Tune.)




LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
  Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
  All Thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
  Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
  Enter every trembling heart.

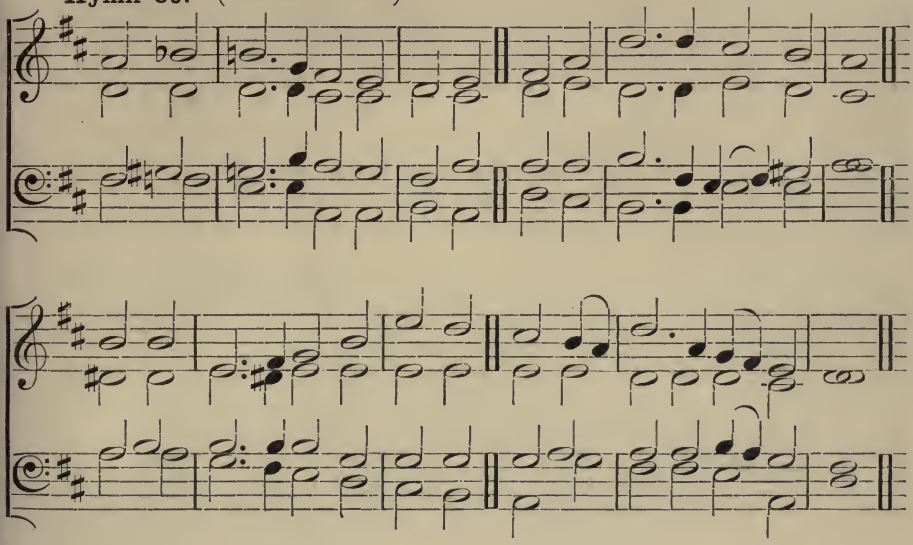
Come, Almighty to deliver,
  Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
  Never more Thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
  Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
  Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
  Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
  Perfectly restored in Thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
  Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
  Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

**Hymn 80.** (Second Tune.)



LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

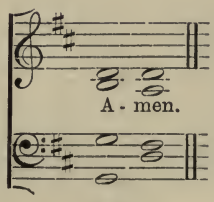
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

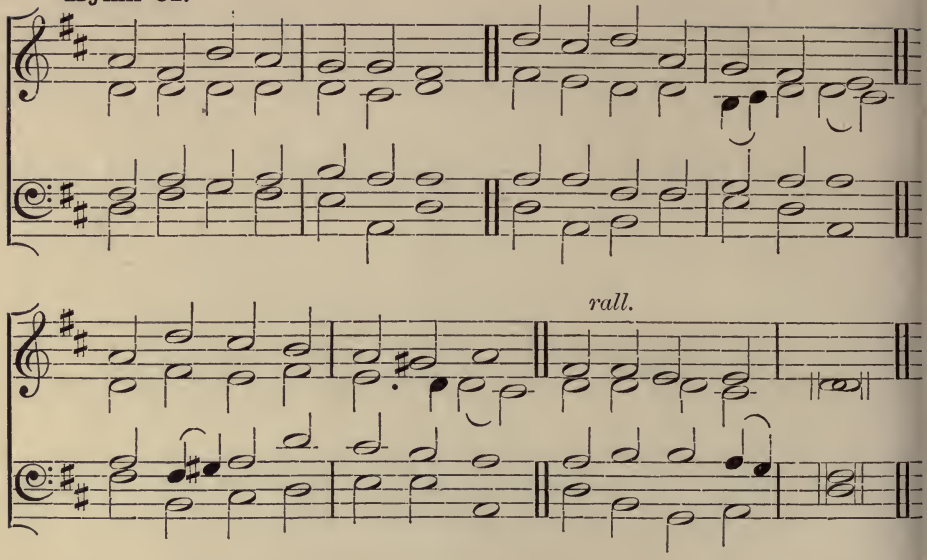
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



**Hymn 81.**




GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

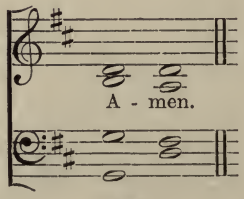
Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

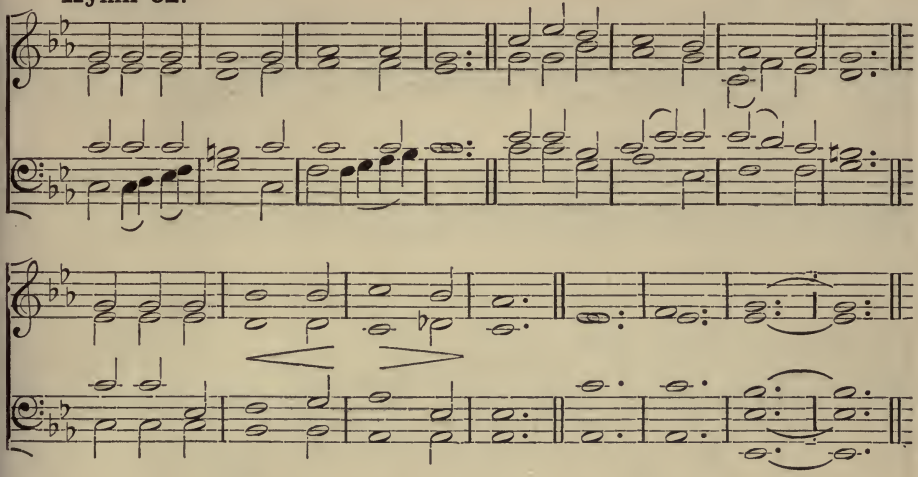
Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in Heav'n will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.



Hymn 82.

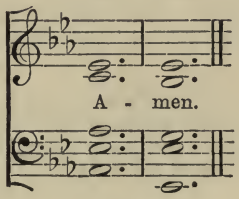


FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Calm and still.

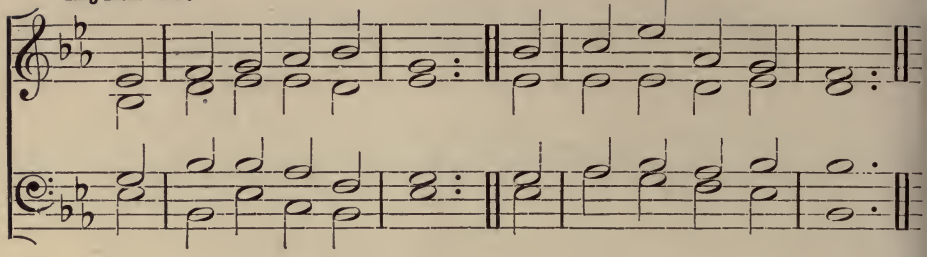
"Save, LORD, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy Word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

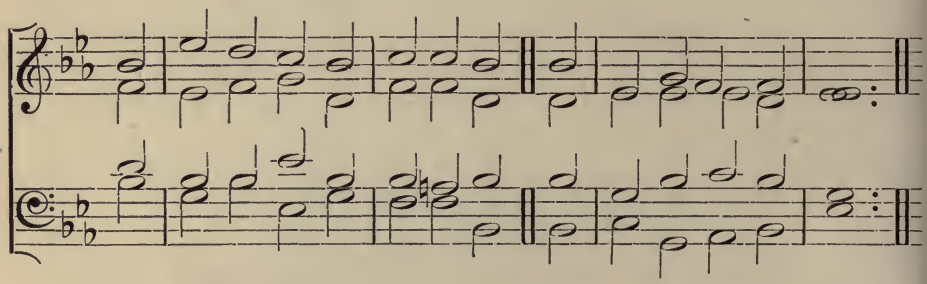
The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy Will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."



Hymn 83.



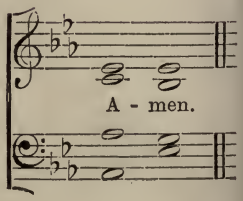


BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our GOD;
The secret of the LORD is theirs,
Their soul is CHRIST'S abode.

The LORD, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King;

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His Throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

LORD, we Thy Presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee.



**Hymn 84.**

*Moderato.*

*rall.....*

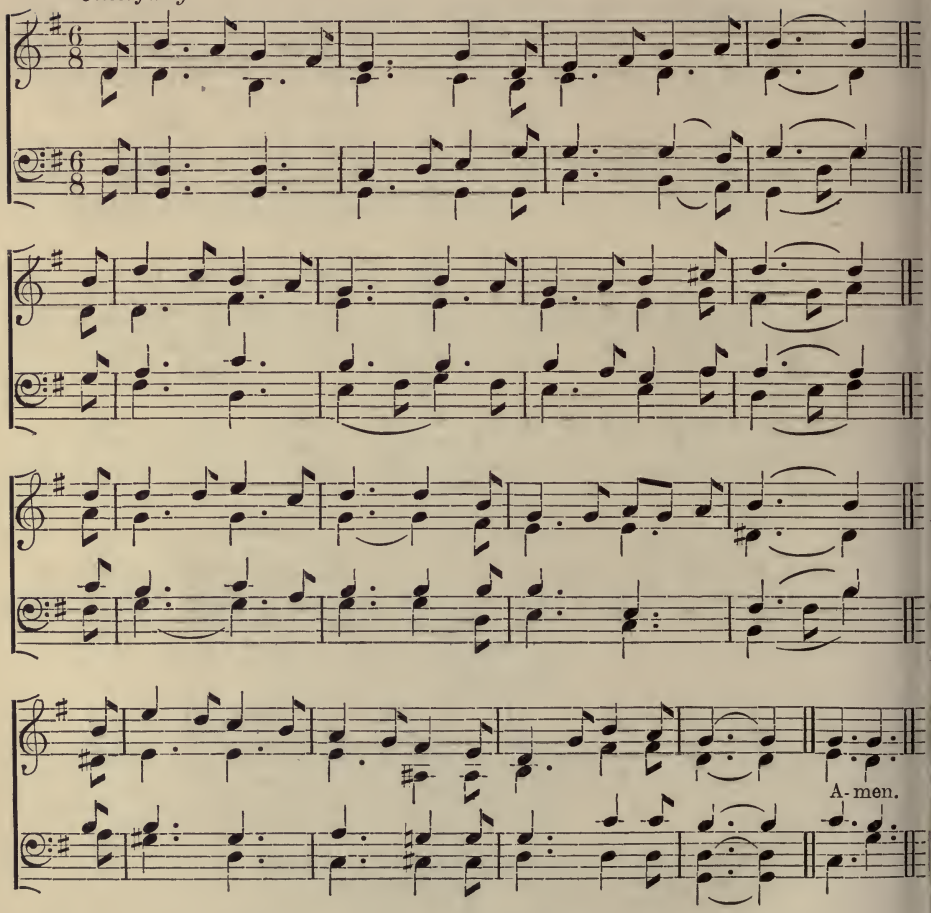
WE thank Thee, LORD, that for Thy friends
The lowly fishers Thou didst seek,
For by Thine act Thou teachest us,
Thou wilt receive the poor and weak.
And we, by seeking Thee in prayer,
May of Thy Friendship claim a share.

We praise Thee, LORD, that those Thy friends,
Made answer quickly to Thy call;
And at Thy gracious "Follow Me,"
For Thee, their Master, gave up all.
May we be willing, too, to make
Some sacrifice for Thy dear sake.

A - men.

**Hymn 85.**

*Cheerfully.*




AS birds in happy chorus
Proclaim that spring is nigh,
So John the Baptist heralds
The Dayspring from on high;
By Jordan's bank he standeth,
His voice upraised to tell,
How God, the Son, our Saviour,
Comes down on earth to dwell.

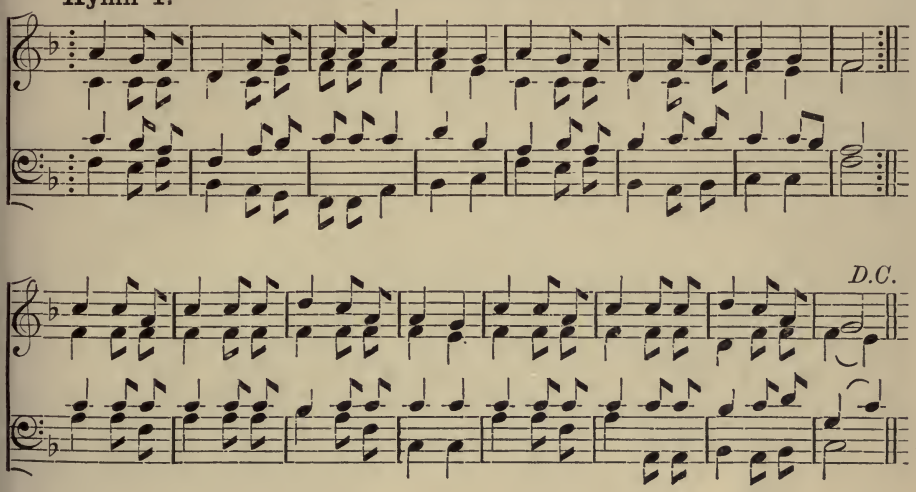
Draw nigh and hear his message,
For you and me to-day,
Fight manfully your battle,
For Christ prepare the way.
Give Him your hearts, dear children,
Your praises to Him bring,
Do your small part to hasten
The coming of the King.

*See also Hymns* 14, 17, 18, 27, 30 *in Part* 1.

# SUPPLEMENTAL HYMNS.

## FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Hymn 1.



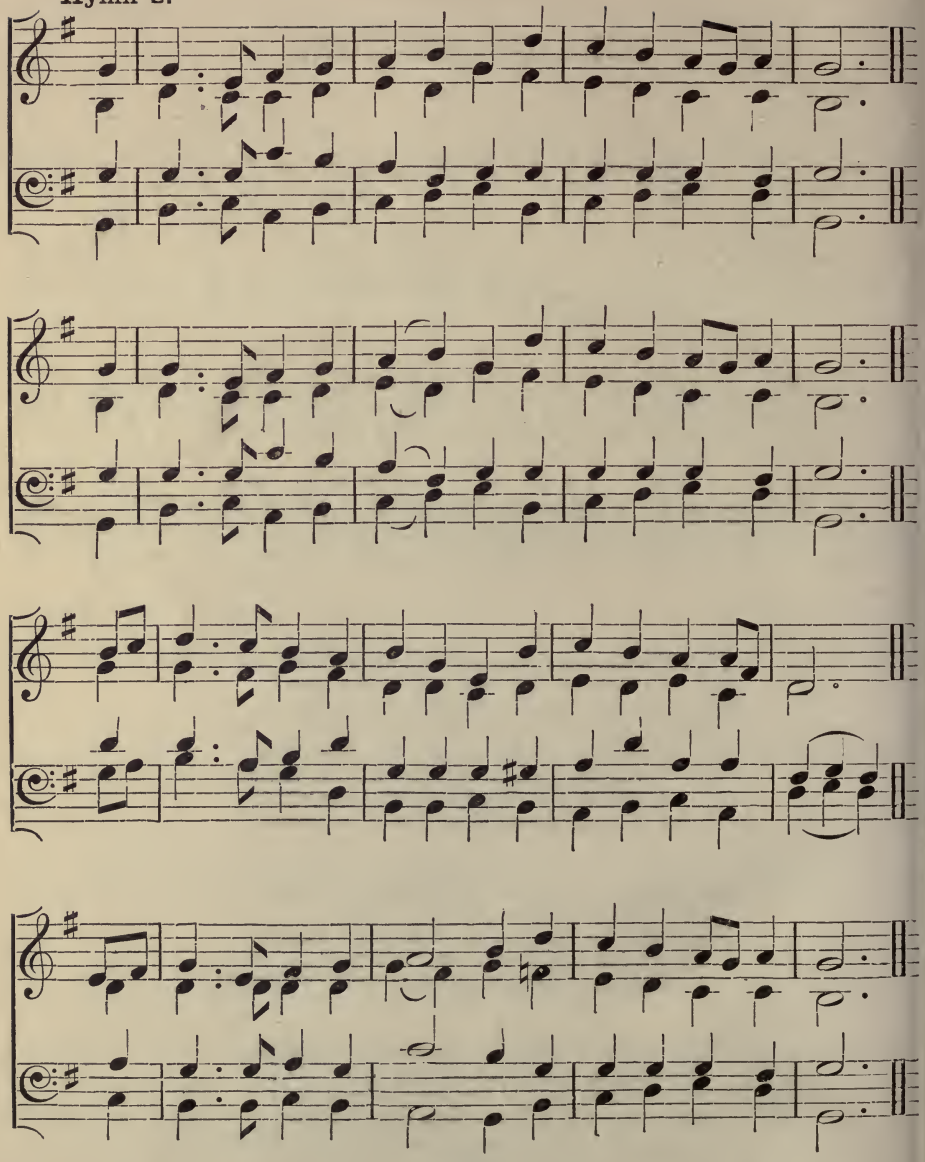

OVER the sea there are little brown children,
Fathers and mothers and babies dear ;
They have not heard of the FATHER in Heav'n,
No one has told them that GOD is near.
Swift let the message go over the water,
Stories we love they are waiting to hear ;
Swift let the message go over the water,
Telling the children that GOD is near.

Sometimes at night when the darkness gathers,
Little brown children begin to fear ;
They have not heard of the dear LORD JESUS,
No one has told them that He is near.
Swift let the message go over the water, &c.

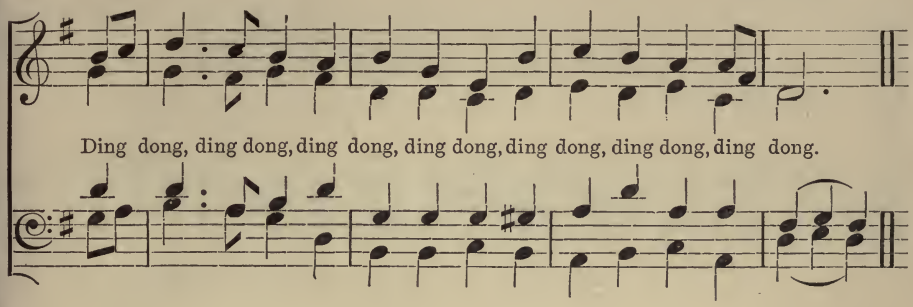
Little brown children, the teachers are coming,
Speeding to love you, and help and cheer ;
Soon you shall hear of the dear LORD JESUS,
Soon they will tell you that GOD is near.
Swift let the message go over the water, &c.

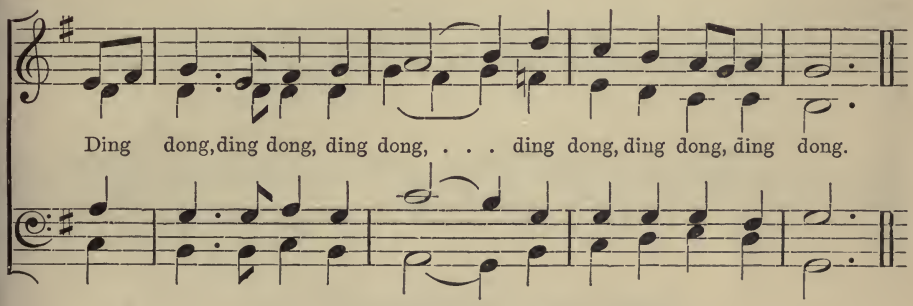
# SUNDAY.

Hymn 2.



# SUNDAY.



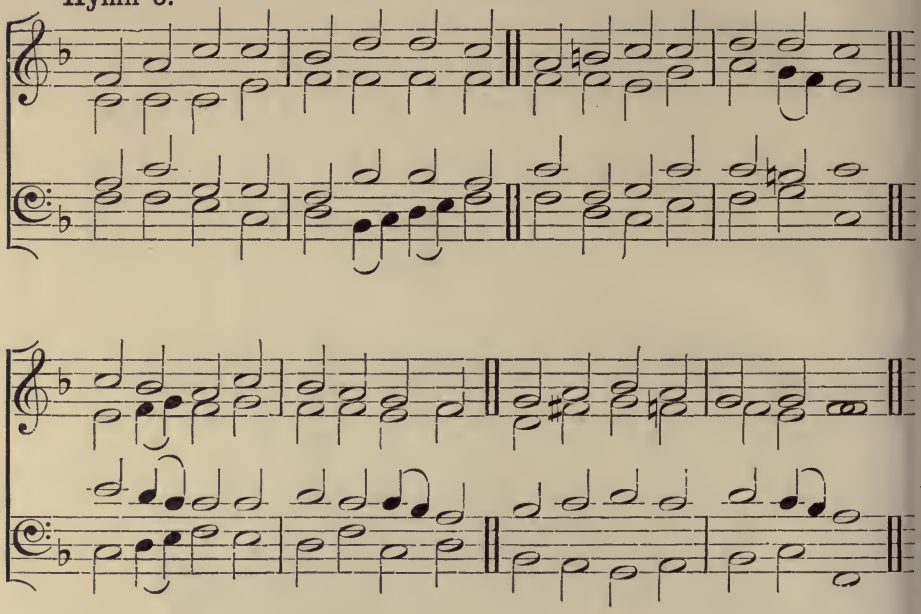



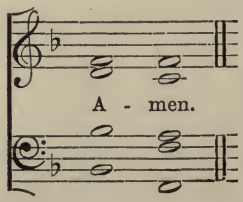

RING out, you merry Sunday bells,
Ring out both loud and clear,
And tell your joyful message,
"Rejoice, the LORD is near."
For happy Sunday comes again,
O hear the bells' sweet call,
A rest for tired workers,
The gladdest day of all.
Ding, dong, &c.

Ring out, you merry Sunday bells,
Ring out both loud and clear,
And tell your joyful message,
"Rejoice, the LORD is near."
So now to Sunday School we come
To sing our hymns of praise,
And thank the loving FATHER
For all our happy days.
Ding, dong, &c.

# OUR HOMES.

Hymn 3.



FOR our happy homes we thank Thee,
Cosy fire and candle bright ;
Warm white beds where we sleep safely
In Thy care till morning light.

For our happy homes we thank Thee,
And for those who love us there,
Father, mother, brother, sister,
Keep them in Thy tender care.